MAY 19, 1958 ★

America's National Sports Weekly

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

BIG LEAGUE SECRETS—5





RICHIE ASHBURN ON OUTFIELDING AND BASE RUNNING

The big thing about the shoestring catch is to know when to try it and when not



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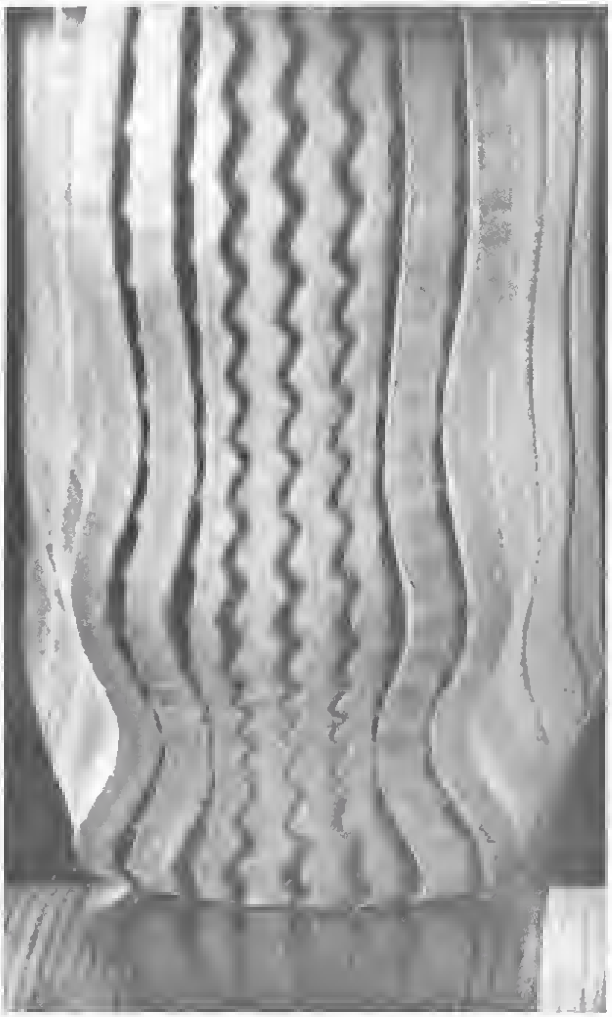
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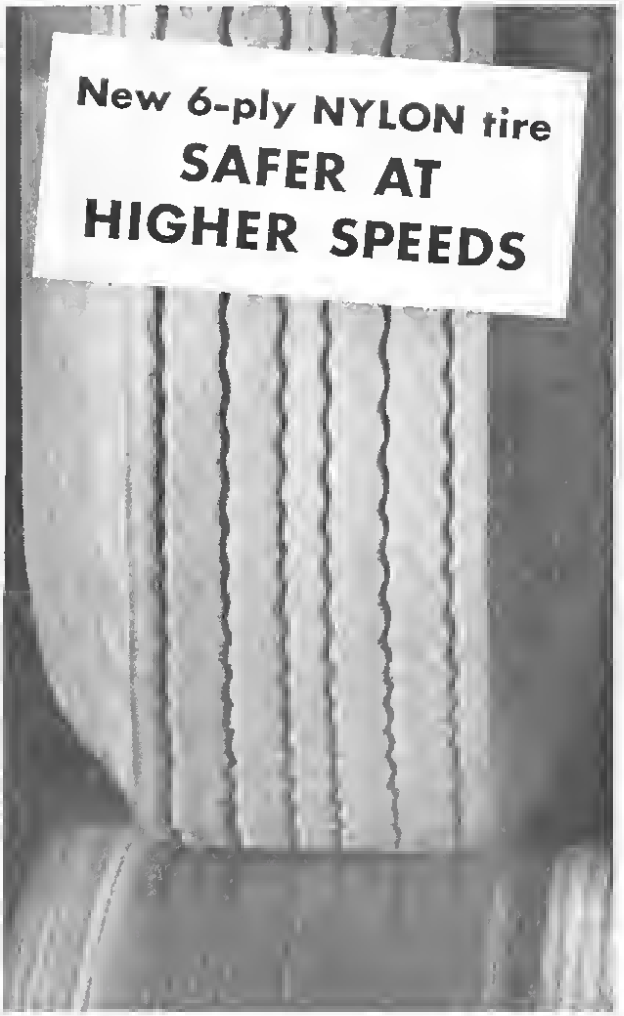
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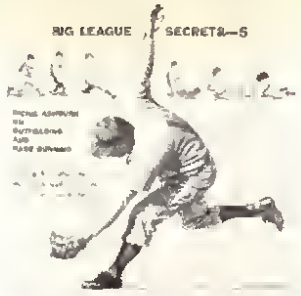
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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



Cover Richie Ashburn ▶

The Philadelphia star describes in this issue his outfielding and base running techniques, concluding our series on *Big League Secrets.*

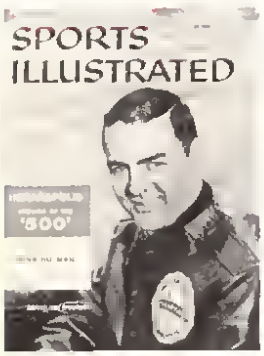
Drawings by Ed Vebell



PLAN AHEAD



Next week



▶ An Indianapolis "500" PREVIEW, with a report from the Speedway assessing cars and drivers; and the story of *Tony Hulman,* the modest millionaire who runs the race.

▶ As Herb Score rears back and throws his fast ball to a batter, John G. Zimmerman captures the Indians' pitching ace in action on the mound in four dramatic pages of color.

▶ On the eve of National Physical Fitness Week, a new progress report on fitness has news, encouraging and otherwise, about what has been accomplished since last August.

Acknowledgments on page 80

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Contents

MAY 19, 1958 *Volume 8, Number 20*

18 Invasion of Rome
Olympic preparations are well in hand as the Eternal City looks to 1960 and the greatest of Games

29 Comes Now Mr. Frick With Plan
The Commissioner's scheme for 325-foot fences is a good one—just late

30 The Good Life of New Mexico
This enchanted land, photographed in color by Jerry Cooke, is a wonderful world of sport and beauty

37 Big League Secrets: Part 5
Richie Ashburn, 10-year veteran of the National League, discusses outfielding and base running

50 Up-and-down Cubbies and Cards
Roy Terrell reports on the sad case of the Cardinals, and the uppity Cubs are psychoanalyzed by a pitcher

58 What's Happened to Overalls?
An old, utilitarian garment takes on new fashion in the latest of Sporting Looks. By Jo Ahern Zill

70 How to Raise Right Tackles
Gerald Holland calls on the nation's No. 1 authority, Housewife Cathryn Pyle, who has two great ones

The departments

4 Scoreboard
6 X-ray
13 Fisherman's Calendar
14 Coming Events
25 Events & Discoveries
30 Wonderful World
50 Baseball
58 Sporting Look
60 Bowling
62 Travel
67 Tip from the Top
68 Charles Goren
69 Bonnie Prudden
79 19th Hole
84 Pat on the Back

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SCOREBOARD

A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week

RECORD BREAKERS—GARY HEINRICH, flipper footed Hayward (Calif.) H.S. youngster who is rapidly becoming one of nation's best Olympic prospects, hauled down still another U.S. interscholastic swim record at Santa Clara, energetically splashing 440-yard freestyle in 4:28.5 (May 9).

RUSSIAN WEIGHT LIFTERS STEPHAN ULYANOV and VASILI STEPANOV huffed and puffed to new world marks at Alushta but were among missing when Soviet hefters (*see page 47*) arrived in U.S. for three matches against American muscle stretchers. Bantamweight Ulyanov lifted 241.5 pounds in two hands press, while Light Heavyweight Stepanov pressed 330.7 pounds (May 5).

GRIGORY PANICHKIN, hustling Russian heel-and-toer, gave able demonstration of man in hurry, wiggling to two world walking records in 48 hours. Panichkin ambled 10,000 meters in 42:18.3 at Stalinabad (May 7), two days later strolled 20 kilometers in 1:27:38.6.

BASEBALL—NATIONAL LEAGUE began to take on more familiar look as Milwaukee, with clutch-hitting assist from Catcher Del Crandall, swept pair from St. Louis, three from Cincinnati, moved into first place ahead of Pittsburgh and San Francisco. But both Pirates, with four straight over Philadelphia, and Giants, with streak of own against Pittsburgh and Los Angeles, stood ready to challenge Braves for lead. Chicago Cubs had misfortune to run into untracked Cards, bowed four times in row, slipped back to reality and fourth place.

NEW YORK YANKEES, forced to sit idly by while rain fell, found Washington breathing ever so softly down their necks, so cooled off Senators by taking three out of four to stretch American League lead to 2½ games. Baltimore, Detroit and Chicago were on rise, began to make threatening signs but Yankee pitching gave Casey Stengel comfortable feeling of security.

BASKETBALL—U.S. men wound up Russian invasion in flurry of baskets, piled up 101-58 victory over Riga, Soviet national champion, at Leningrad, to complete six-game sweep. Back home after adulation by admiring Russians, Coach Warren Womble had praise for his AAU stars, described Russians as "strong drivers," attributed their lack of success to fact they "did not have the same training or finesse" as Americans.

SOCCER—BRITISH soccer fans, among most understanding in world, were staggered by word that triumphant Bolton Wanderers, who beat Manchester United in Cup Final, were stoned and pelted with tomatoes and flour-bombs by teen-age hooligans as they passed through Manchester and neighboring Salford on way to home-town celebration.

ECUADOR soccer fans, too, demonstrated their understanding. 10,000 of them cheering Vice-President Richard Nixon after touring U.S. executive, stoned by Communist-led student demonstrators in Lima, Peru, showed up for match at Quito. Grinning Nixon won "*tiros*" from crowd with frank admission that his grade-school teammates urged him to give up soccer because "I didn't know how to use my head."

GOLF—HARVIE WARD JR., baby-faced San Francisco amateur who was set down for year for accepting unauthorized tournament expenses from Emnloyer Ed Lowery, is back in good graces of USGA, will go after his third U.S. Amateur title next September. Happy over reinstatement, Ward looked ahead to future but admitted, "I'm afraid I kind of let my game go to pot."

JULIUS BOROS, phlegmatic 38-year-old who hadn't won since he took golfing's richest prize at Tam O'Shanter in 1955, holed 10-footer on final green to stave off Cary Middlecoff by single stroke, captured Hot Springs (Ark.) Open with 273.

BOXING—JOE BROWN, crafty old pro who packs punch of mule in both hands, let Challenger Ralph Dupas flit to his heart's content, finally caught dancing rival with jaw-jarring left hooks (*see below*), floored New Orleans dandy three times, retained lightweight title by TKO in eighth round before 11,000, who stuffed $68,740 into Promoter-Manager Lou Viscusi's bulging till at Houston. Reflected Brown: "He's a pretty good fighter, but I'm a better one."

JODY GIARDELLO, fighting way back into middleweight contention, was at his counterpunching best against flailing strong boy, Rory Calhoun, bouncing muscular music lover to canvas in fourth and sixth before winning decision in non-TV 10-rounder which attracted 8,891 at San Francisco. Crowed Giardello: "My sparring partner was tougher."

HORSE RACING—SILKY SULLIVAN, third from last in Derby, was still first in hearts of $2 bettors, who turned out in droves to watch palpitating Californian breeze six furlongs in 1:15⅘, mile in restrained 1:44 in Pimlico workout for Saturday's Preakness, when he will seek to redeem himself against likes of Tim Tam, Lincoln Road, Noureddin, Jewel's Reward.

IDUN, prize unbeaten 2-year-old filly of 1957, returned to races as 3-year-old at Garden State, coasted home by 7½ lengths under Dave Erb in 6-furlong Betsy Ross Trial for ninth straight victory.

ROUND TABLE, strong-hoofed 4-year-old who has been almost as good a producer as Owner Travis Kerr's spurting Oklahoma oil wells, ran away and hid from nine second-rate rivals in $50,000 Cahente Handicap, added $31,800 to his earnings, joined Citation and Nashua as racing's only millionaires. His total: $1,005,764.

BOATING—YALE helped along by brisk tailwind and strong current, fought off challenging Cornell and Princeton, shot across finish line to win Carnegie Cup in 8:35.8 record for 1¼ miles on Princeton's Carnegie Lake, remained crew to beat in East. But Elis may get tussle from up-and-coming

accent on the deed . . .



ALERT CAMERA catches Birdie Tebbetts, hounced by ump, managing Redlegs to 10–8 win over the Cubs from right field at Chicago.



VETERAN ROOKIE Juan Fangio (*right*) and Lloyd Axle peel stripes off car after passing 130 mph test at Indianapolis (*see page 26*).



LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMP Joe Brown balances daintily on toes after booming left hook topples Ralph Dupas in title bout at Houston

Harvard winner of three straight (sweep) in Eastern Sprints this Saturday

WASHINGTON, ineligible for IRA Regatta at Syracuse but with eye on Britain's Henley Regatta, outstroked California by 4½ lengths on Oakland (Calif.) Estuary, held position as best in West.

NORM EVANS, home-town hydro jockey, thunderboated spanking-new *Miss Bardahl* home first in final heat when Bill Muncey's *Miss Thriftway* sputtered and died on Washington's wind-ruffled Lake Chelan, averaged 101.6 mph to win Apple Cup

TRACK & FIELD—WEST COAST RELAYS at Fresno, Calif. failed to live up to adopted slogan ("where world records are broken") but produced several better-than-average performances as USC won team title for 13th straight year. USC's hefty Rink Babka whirled discus 186 feet, while Parry O'Brien lofted shot 61 feet 3½ inches. UCLA's Rafer Johnson tossed javelin 238 feet 11 inches. Harbor Junior College's Bill Jackson leaped 25 feet 9¼ inches in broad jump. UCLA's George Roubanis and Striders Club's Ron Morris soared 15 feet ¼ inch in pole vault. Best foot effort: 9.4 hundred by San Jose State's unbeaten (in 19 sprints) Ray Norton.

VELISA MUGOSA, earnest Yugoslav who is now student at NYU, stretched his legs through handicap mile in 4:04.8, fastest outdoor time ever in East, at Rye, N.Y.

MOTOR SPORTS—ITALY'S LUIGI MUSSO and Belgium's OLIVIER GENDEBIEN teamed up to push Ferrari 3,000 over twisting 15-mile circuit at Palermo, Italy at average 58.52 mph covered 605 miles in 10:37:58.1 to win Targa Florio road race, give Ferrari third victory in race for world sports-car championship.

FIELD TRIALS—ATOM BOB, spunky 4-year-old trial-wise male Chesapeake owned and handled by Dr. John Lundy, faultlessly marked and retrieved from icy waters of Boise River, walked off with second Open All-Age stake in National Chesapeake Specialty Retriever Trials at Star, Idaho

FOR THE RECORD

ROWING—*STANFORD, over USC, UCLA, [illegible] lengths, in 11:54 for 2 mi., San Pedro, Calif.*
SYRACUSE, over Dartmouth, Rutgers, by [illegible] lengths, in 19:00.8 for 2 mi., Syracuse, N.Y.

BOXING—*TONY ANTHONY, 6-round KO over Artie Miller, light heavyweights, New York*
VINCE MARTINEZ, 7-round TKO over Armando Silvera, welterweights, Boston
CARLOS ORTIZ, 10-round decision over Duco Lopes, lightweights, Hollywood

GOLF—*BEVERLY HANSON, Indio, Calif., Labatt (Okla.) Open, with 212 for 54 holes*

GYMNASTICS—*LOS ANGELES TURNERS, AAU team title, with 521½ pts., Los Angeles; all-around champion: Jack Beckner, Los Angeles Turners*

HORSE RACING—*OH JOHNNY, $59,000 Grey Lou H., 3 f., m., by Heinz, in 1:50, Jamaica; Bill Boland up*
EKABI, $50,000 Golden Gate H., 3 f., m., by neck, in 1:51⅘, Golden Gate; Peter Moreno up
TALENT SHOW, $28,750 Delaware Valley St., b. f., by ¾ length, in 1:10, Garden State; Willie Lester up
FINE SHOT, Null Hunt Cup, 2 mi., by neck, in 3:46.3, Malvern, Pa.; Eddie Dereim up.

MOTOR SPORTS—*CURTIS TURNER, Roanoke, Va., NASCAR Rebel 300, with 109.625-mph average record, in 1958 Ford, Darlington, S.C.*
RICHARD DOYEN (driver) and CLAY GIBBS (navigator), Milwaukee, Ohio 24 Sports Car Rally, 184 seconds error, in Corvette; Mt. Vernon, Ohio

SHOOTING *(Null Amateur Trapshooting championships, New York): BEN HIGGINSON, Newburgh, N.Y., men's singles and 3r singles, with 195 out of 200*
NICK EGAN, New York, doubles, with 92 out of 100
MARY CHRISTOPHER, Bristol, Pa., ladies' singles, with 193 out of 200

TENNIS—*RANCHO GONZALES, over Lew Hoad, 4 inches to 1 [illegible] pro tour, 31-13*

TRACK & FIELD *TEXAS, Southwest Conference title, with 91 pts., Dallas*
MARYLAND, Atlantic Coast Conference title, with 72½ pts., Durham, N.C.
W. & M., Southern Conference title, with 57½ pts., Davidson, N.C.
HOUSTON, Missouri Valley Conference title, with 58 pts., Des Moines

VOLLEYBALL *(Null championships, Scranton, Pa.): HOLLYWOOD YMCA, over Detroit YMCA, 15-8, 15-9, masters title; over West Side JCC, Los Angeles, 15-11, 15-10, open title*
FLORIDA STATE, over Kansas, 14-11, 15-2, college title
USAF, over Los Alamitos NAS, 15-1, 9-14, 15-2, Armed Forces title.

faces in the crowd . . .



ILENE SOMKAN, pretty 20-year-old brunette, may not be able to hit her weight but her ability to keep statistics and detect flaws in opposition has made her invaluable as Long Island U.'s first coed baseball manager



ALEX HENDERSON, lean, short-haired Aussie who runs almost forever in practice rambled through mile in 4:03.1, fastest outdoors in nation this year, led Arizona State to Border Conference title at Tempe



HARVEY LOVE, U. of Washington-trained Harvard crew coach, had little to work with at start of season, but inexperienced Crimson varsity outstroked Penn. Navy boats at Boston, is still unbeaten after three races.



BRUCE MACDONALD, Port Washington, N.Y. schoolteacher who won AAU 10,000-meter walking title, voiced one complaint: "People who see you walking with that stiff-legged hip-swiveling motion think you're nuts."



MIKHAIL BOTVINNIK, 47 reserved Leningrad electrical engineer once described as "cat who walks by himself," maneuvered chessmen for two months regained world chess title from Vasily Smyslov in Moscow.



JERRY LUCAS, Middletown (Ohio) H.S. basketball star, ended chase for his services by declaring for Ohio State but left unanswered destination of his coach. Paul Walker, who said "Where I go, Jerry goes."



JOHNNY BOWER rough-and-ready Cleveland goalie who can count 108 stitches in his face in 13 years of kicking out shots, was rewarded for greatest year with his third straight American Hockey League MVP award



LUSTY SWIPE by Jean Gaertner drives ball past futile Long Beach block as Santa Monica won women's volleyball title at Scranton, Pa.



ROOKIE BOWLER Aly Khan spins ball wicketward to open match between Pakistani Test cricketers and New York team *(see page 27)*.

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X-RAY

Washington got to a half game out of first, but it didn't scare the Yanks





STABILIZED PLAY around second base helped give the Senators their best start in many years. Second Baseman Ken Aspromonte *(left)*, a recent Red Sox reject, hit .409 for the week and teamed well with veteran ex-National League Shortstop Rocky Bridges, who was batting .297, a heady 61 points higher than his lifetime average.

TEAM PERFORMANCES

This week (5/4—5/10)			Season	Homers Week
NATIONAL LEAGUE				
Milwaukee	5-0	1.000	14-7	4
San Francisco	5-2	714	15-9	10
Pittsburgh	4-3	571	13-9	13
Chicago	3-4	429	13-10	4
Los Angeles	3-4	429	9-15	7
St. Louis	2-3	400	5-14	1
Cincinnati	2-5	286	9-10	2
Philadelphia	2-5	286	9-13	6
AMERICAN LEAGUE				
New York	2-0	1.000	12-4	4
Baltimore	3-1	750	9-9	3
Boston	4-2	667	10-12	3
Chicago	2-1	667	6-11	2
Washington	3-3	500	11-8	5
Detroit	3-4	429	11-12	4
Cleveland	1-4	200	10-12	2
Kansas City	0-3	000	8-9	2

TEAM LEADERS

Week	Batting	Season	Batting	Homers Season		Pitching Season	
Covington	438	Schoendienst	326	Mathews	7	Spahn	5-0
Cepeda	375	Mays	307	2 with	8	Monzant	3-3
Thomas	333	Thomas	344	Thomas	9	2 with	4-1
Walls	357	Walls	344	Walls	9	Elston	4-0
Furillo	435	Gilliam	312	3 with	4	Podres	4-1
Musial	389	Musial	480	Musial	4	L. McDaniel	2-2
Hoak	286	Hoak	364	3 with	2	Purkey	3-1
Lopata	417	Hamner	341	Lopata	3	2 with	3-2
Lumpe	714	McDougald	403	Skowron	4	Turley	4-0
Nieman	583	Robinson	333	Triandos	3	Harshman	5-0
Malzone	400	Runnels	357	Jensen	4	Sisler	4-1
Fox	538	Fox	361	Lollar	3	Wilson	2-1
Aspromonte	409	Zauchin	333	2 with	3	3 with	2-0
Bertoia	320	Kuenn	344	Boone	4	Hoeft	3-1
Avila	389	Vernon	360	Brown	4	Grant	3-1
Held	375	Cerv	354	Cerv	9	Garver	3-1

HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (to May 10)

	BEST	WORST
Batting (NL)	Musial, St L .480	McMillan, Cin .105
Batting (AL)	McDougald, NY .403	Consolo, Bos .125
Home run hitters (NL)	Thomas, Pitt 9	T. Taylor, Chi 0 (in 90 AB)
	Walls, Chi 9 (1 per 10 AB)	
Home run hitters (AL)	Cerv, KC 9 (1 per 7 AB)	Runnels, Bos 0 (in 84 AB)
Pitching (NL)	Spahn, Mil 5-0	Drysdale, LA 1-5
Pitching (AL)	Harshman, Balt 5-0	Brewer, Bos 1-4
		Bunning, Det 1-4
ERA (NL)	Spahn, Mil 2.17	Drysdale, LA 7.62
ERA (AL)	Hyde, Wash 1.23	Kellner, KC 8.44
Complete games (NL)	Spahn, Mil 5 (in 6 starts)	3 tied with 0 (in 5 starts)
Complete games (AL)	Turley, NY 4 (in 4 starts)	4 tied with 1 (in 5 starts)
Team HR (NL)	San Francisco 34	Cincinnati 11
Team HR (AL)	Cleveland 19	Baltimore 11
	Kansas City 19	
Team runs (NL)	San Francisco 137	Cincinnati 76
Team runs (AL)	Kansas City 96	Baltimore 56
Team hits (NL)	San Francisco 231	Cincinnati 160
Team hits (AL)	Detroit 212	Baltimore 134
		Chicago 134

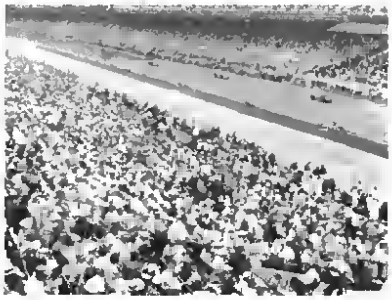
RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In	Total Runs Produced
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Cepeda, SF (.322)	22	13	35
Mays, SF (.387)	20	11	31
Thomas, Pitt (.344)	20	11	31
Banks, Chi (.319)	18	13	31
Spencer, SF (.333)	15	15	30
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Cerv, KC (.354)	22	17	39
Minoso, Clev (.271)	15	9	24
Kuenn, Det (.344)	13	8	21
Malzone, Bos (.281)	11	10	21
F. Bolling, Det (.240)	10	11	21

THE ROOKIES

	NATIONAL LEAGUE	AMERICAN LEAGUE
Batting	Cepeda, SF .322	Pearson, Wash .309
Home runs	Cepeda, SF 8	Marshall, Balt 1
RBIs	Cepeda, SF 21	Pearson, Wash 5
Pitching	Semproch, Phil 3-2	Grant, Clev 3-1

MEMO *from the publisher*



ONE PLACE where for almost half a century the roar of the crowd has risen above even the mighty roar of the engines is the Indianapolis Speedway. This coming Memorial Day, in the 42nd running of the "500," the engines will roar again—and the crowd, the largest that attends a single sporting event in the country, will roar louder.

Yet there have been times in the history of this event when it looked as if it would never take place again, ending without a roar, a bang or even a whimper.

As part of its PREVIEW next week of the Indianapolis "500," SPORTS ILLUSTRATED presents Robert Shaplen's story of the individual who is responsible, perhaps more than any (and there have been others), for keeping the motor racing classic not only alive but kicking in the absolute top rank of sporting competition.

Many illustrious names have been associated with the "500," like Ray Harroun, Barney Oldfield, Fred Offenhauser, Lou Meyer, Wilbur Shaw and Eddie Rickenbacker.

Rickenbacker bought the Speedway in 1927 and ran the "500" superbly until World War II called a halt. At war's end the Speedway had inevitably deteriorated. The late Wilbur Shaw began to look for a way and the means to bring the Brickyard back to glory. Rickenbacker was willing to sell it, but preferably to someone able to do it justice.

Shaw found the means finally—a man whose name, illustrious though it was in Indiana, was comparatively unfamiliar beyond the borders of the Hoosier State. This is odd because he was an exceptional football and track star for Yale, has performed unduplicated feats in deep-sea fishing and, apart from this, owns one of America's great fortunes. He is a man who, until he bought the Speedway, seemed to keep himself almost deliberately in the background.

In 1946 he returned the "500" to its greatness and has kept it there ever since.

His name now has luster far beyond Indiana. And the reasons for this are as clear in Shaplen's story as the meaning on Memorial Day of the time-honored words, "Gentlemen, start your engines."

Shaplen will be telling the story, to date, of Anton Hulman Jr., of Terre Haute, Indiana—an important part of the story, to date, of the race which on May 30 makes Indianapolis the place in the world where the crowd roars loudest.

Harry Phillips

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FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

TROUT: NEW YORK: Beaverkill and Willowemoc C and only slightly H after last week's deluge, and spy reports shad-fly hatch under way. Barring further unpleasant weather OVG for next two weeks.

PENNSYLVANIA: FP, with all streams H and R.

MINNESOTA: FG; lakes and streams L and C and yielding worthy catches on salmon eggs or red fluorescent yarn. Best of many was 9-pound 6-ounce rainbow coaxed from Arrowhead River on north shore by 18-year-old Donald Anderson of Grand Marais. WT too low for flies, but OG.

WISCONSIN: Brule River FG with many 3- to 6-pound rainbows available. WT 44, river L and C and roads passable.

MICHIGAN: Streams abnormally L and C *thanks to drought and trout rising in force to early hatches.* FG particularly on Au Sable and Pierre Marquette, where 4- to 6-pound browns are considered average. FP on Manistee, Betsie and Platte, where lamprey eels have taken saddening toll of rainbows. General statewide OVG.

CALIFORNIA: Season opened last week with bang, which illustrates explosion of angling throughout nation. Rowley Lake on opening day saw 10,515 fishermen in 3,233 boats net an average of six trout per man. Top rod was Ralph E. Eoff of Corcoran, who took 12-pound 14-ounce brown on red-and-black spotted Flatfish. OVG for next week in Gull, June and Grant lakes, but season is month late at all points above 5,000 feet.

MARLIN: HAWAII: Early-month marlin catch at Kona totals six, with largest a 496-*pound trophy* bested by Doctor Lester Lowe of Balboa, California while fishing aboard Captain Henry Chee's *Malia.*

CALIFORNIA: FVG in Gulf of California with La Paz, Mazatlan and Guaymas all rewarding. La Paz has scored 350 marlin to date, and season now at peak; OG.

NORTH CAROLINA: First white marlin of Hatteras season raised last week, and agent advises that first blue marlin was taken last year on May 17. OG for heftiest of Atlantic marlin from now on.

ATLANTIC SALMON: NOVA SCOTIA. FG/OG in spite of generally H and R conditions. Last week, Medway reported 13 fish killed; St. Mary's 11, including 24-pounder; Lahave seven and Round Hill five.

BONEFISH: FLORIDA: FVG and no change *expected. Last week at Key Largo, for example,* Jerome Weinberger of Cleveland on first bonefishing trip hooked fish on first cast, fought it for half an hour on 8-pound spinning tackle, found his first bonefish weighed 12¼ pounds, blithely went on to subdue three other fish of 11, 10 and 9½ pounds.

STRIPED BASS: NEW JERSEY: FF/G for small fish in surf at Long Branch and Spring Lake. Some stripers to 15 pounds in Shrewsbury and Navesink rivers, with anglers favoring Sea Bright-Rumson Bridge and Highlands Bridge.

MARYLAND: Both ends of Chesapeake Bay Bridge offering 15-pounders on bloodworms and OG.

C—*water clear*	**FG**—*fishing good*
N—*water normal height*	**FF**—*fishing fair*
H—*water high*	**FP**—*fishing poor*
L—*water low*	**OVG**—*outlook very good*
R—*water roily*	**OG**—*outlook good*
WT50—*water 50°*	**OP**—*outlook poor*



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COMING EVENTS

May 16 to May 25

★ *Color television*
◉ *Television*
■ *Network radio*

All times E D T except where otherwise noted

Friday, May 16

AUTO RACING
SCCA National Races, Cumberland, Md. (through May 18)

BASEBALL
■ Chicago Cubs vs San Francisco Giants, Chicago, 2:20 p.m. (Mutual)

GOLF
Betsy Rawls Peach Blossom Women's Open, $5,000, Spartanburg, S C (through May 18).

HORSE RACING
(Trotters)
The Transamerica (pace), $5,000, Lebanon, Ohio.

RODEO
Helldorado Rodeo, $6,125, Las Vegas, Nev. (through May 18).

SHOOTING
Great Western Open Skeet Shoot, Chicago (through May 18)

TENNIS
North American Zone Tie, Venezuela vs U S, Caracas, Venezuela (through May 18)

TRACK & FIELD
Coliseum Relays, Los Angeles
Southeastern Conference Championships, Birmingham (also May 17).

Saturday, May 17

AUTO RACING
Indianapolis "500" Qualifying Trials, Indianapolis (also May 18).

BASEBALL
◉ Washington Senators vs New York Yankees, Washington, D C, 2 p.m. (NBC).
◉ St Louis Cardinals vs Los Angeles Dodgers, St Louis, 2:15 p.m. (CBS)
■ Philadelphia Phillies vs Pittsburgh Pirates, Philadelphia, 1:50 p.m. (Mutual).

BOATING
Vashon Island Sailing Race (first of Tri-Island Series), Puget Sound, Wash. (also May 18)
(Crew)
Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta, 150s, Charles River, Cambridge, Mass
Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta, heavyweights, Lake Carnegie, Princeton, N J

HORSE RACING
◉ Preakness, $100,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1 3/16 m., Pimlico, Md., 5:30 p.m. (CBS)
■ Los Angeles Handicap, $50,000, 3-yr.-olds and up, 7 f., Hollywood Park, Calif.
■ Toboggan Handicap, $25,000, 3-yr.-olds and up, 6 f., Belmont Park, N.Y., 4:50 p.m. (NBC)
Dumpty Humpty Handicap, $25,000, 3-yr.-olds and up, 6 f., Golden Gate Fields, Calif
Betsy Ross Stakes, $25,000, 3-yr.-olds (fillies), 6 f., Garden State Park, N J
(Trotters)
■ Monitor Special, Roosevelt Raceway, N Y 10:20 p.m. (NBC)

HUNT RACING
Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, Media, Pa

LACROSSE
Army vs Syracuse, West Point, N Y.
Yale vs Harvard, New Haven, Conn
Johns Hopkins vs Maryland, Baltimore.

TENNIS
Pro Tour: Hoad vs Gonzales, Minneapolis

TRACK & FIELD
Heptagonal Games Outdoor Championships, Annapolis, Md.
Big Eight Conference Championships, Columbia, Mo

WEIGHT LIFTING
U.S. team vs U.S.S.R. team, Madison Square Garden, New York

continued



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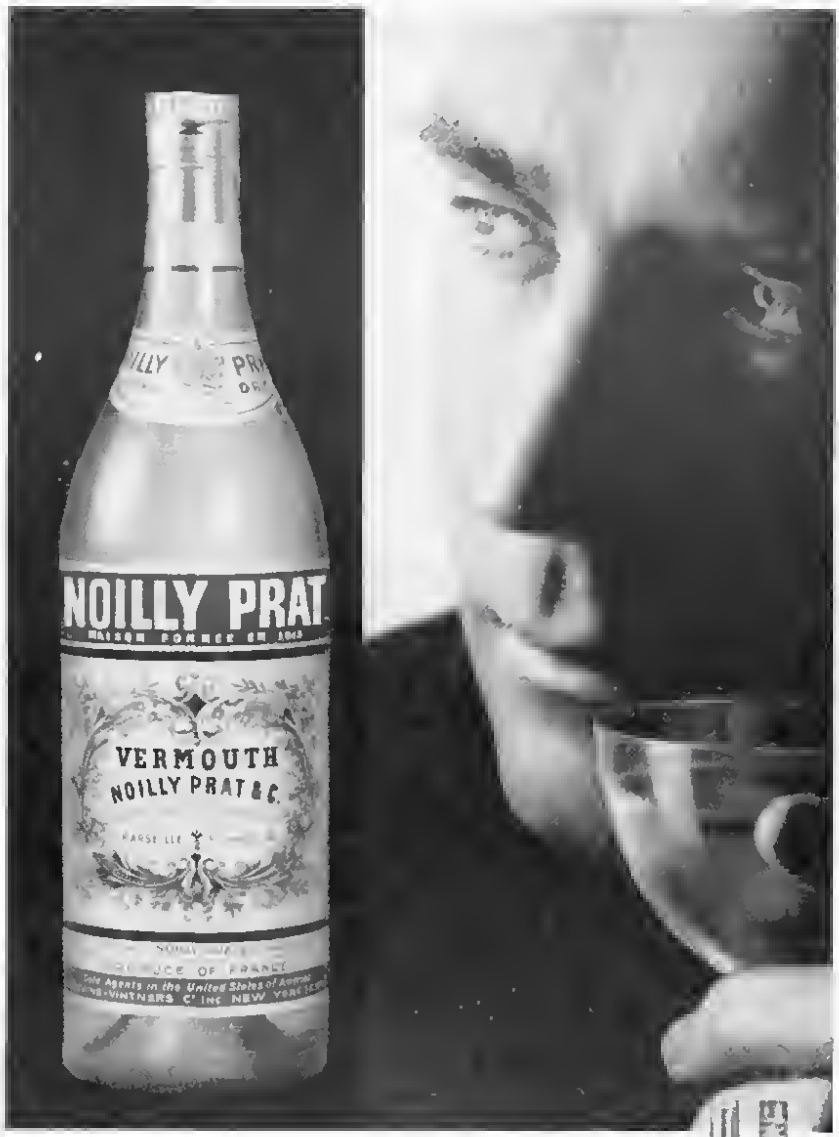
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COMING EVENTS *continued*

Sunday, May 18

AUTO RACING
Grand Prix de Monaco, Monte Carlo
LISCA Sports Car Races, Lime Rock, Conn

BASEBALL
■ Washington Senators vs New York Yankees, Washington, D C., 2 p m (Mutual)

TRACK & FIELD
National AAU Marathon Championship, Yonkers, N Y
Women's and Girls' Russian Prep Meet, Queens, N Y

Monday, May 19

BOXING
◉ Mickey Crawford vs Andy Figueroa, middleweights, 10 rds, St Nick's, New York, 10 p m (DuMont)

HORSE RACING
Western Gateway Handicap, $25,000, 3-yr-olds and up, 1¼ m, Golden Gate Fields, Calif

TENNIS
Pro Tour Head vs Gonzales, Des Moines

Tuesday, May 20

BASEBALL
■ Detroit Tigers vs Baltimore Orioles, Detroit, 2 20 p m (Mutual)

TENNIS
Pro Tour Head vs Gonzales, Lincoln, Neb

Wednesday, May 21

BASEBALL
■ Milwaukee Braves vs Los Angeles Dodgers, Milwaukee, 2 20 p m (Mutual)

BOXING
◉ Yvon Durelle vs Germinal Ballarin, light heavyweights, 10 rds, Montreal, Que, 10 p m (ABC)

HORSE RACING
Cherry Hill Stakes, $15,000, 2-yr-olds, 5 f, Garden State Park, N J
The Fashion, $15,000, 2-yr-olds (fillies), 5 f, Belmont Park, N Y

RODEO
Milwaukee Rodeo, $6,000, Milwaukee (through May 31)

TENNIS
Pro Tour Head vs Gonzales, Sioux Falls, S Dak

Thursday, May 22

BASEBALL
■ Detroit Tigers vs New York Yankees, Detroit, 2:20 p m (Mutual)

GOLF
Kansas City Open, $20,000, Kansas City, Mo (through May 25)

Friday, May 23

BOXING
◉ Johnny Busso vs Lahouari Godih, lightweights,
■ 10 rds, Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p m (NBC)

HORSE RACING
Junior League Stakes, $15,000, 2-yr-olds (fillies), 5 f, Hollywood Park, Calif

SHOOTING
Oleander Skeet Open, Galveston, Texas (through May 25)

TENNIS
Pro Tour Head vs Gonzales, Denver

TRACK & FIELD
Skyline Championships, Albuquerque (also May 24)
Mid-American Conference, Kalamazoo, Mich (also May 24)

Saturday, May 24

AUTO RACING
Indianapolis "500" Qualifying Trials, Indianapolis (also May 25)

BASEBALL
◉ Detroit Tigers vs New York Yankees, Detroit, 2:30 p m (NBC)
● Cincinnati Redlegs vs Los Angeles Dodgers, Cincinnati, 2:15 p m CBS)
■ Milwaukee Braves vs San Francisco Giants, Milwaukee, 2 20 p m (Mutual)

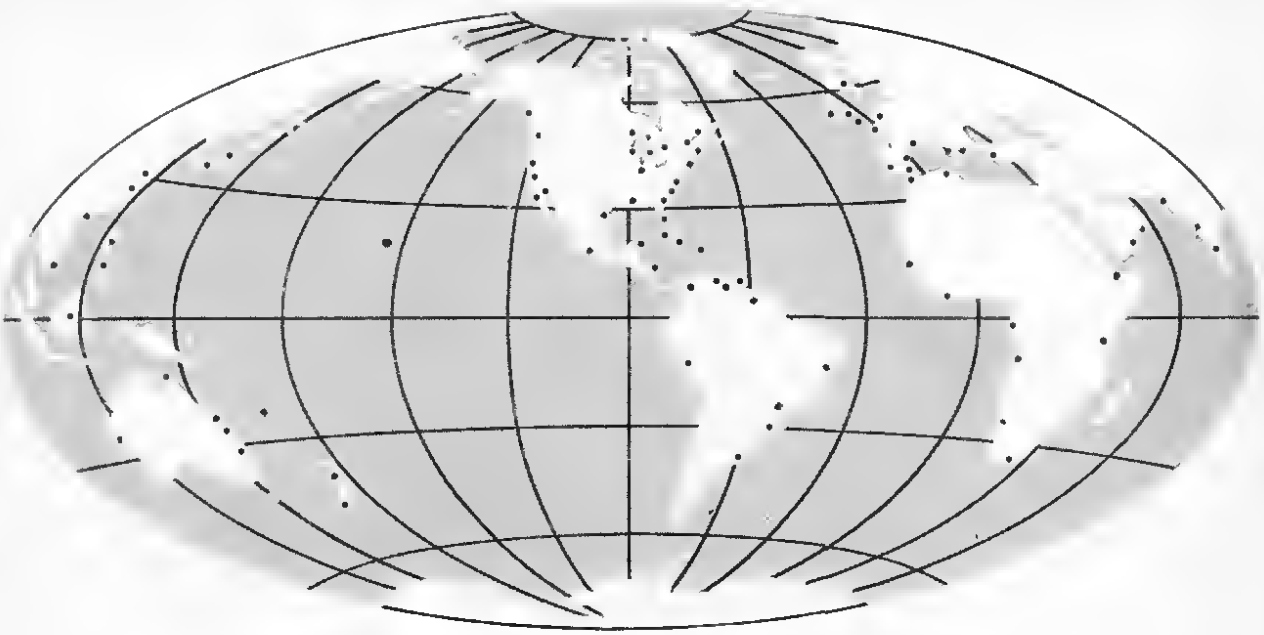
HORSE RACING
The Californian, $100,000, 3-yr-olds and up, 1½ m, Hollywood Park, Calif
● Jersey Stakes, $50,000, 3-yr-olds, 1¼ m, Garden State Park, N J, 5 p m (CBS)
The Acorn, $30,000, 3-yr-olds (fillies), 1 m, Belmont Park, N Y

HUNT RACING
Adjacent Hunts Racing Association, Purchase, N Y.

Sunday, May 25

BASEBALL
■ Chicago White Sox vs Boston Red Sox, Chicago, 2:20 p m (Mutual)

TENNIS
Pro Tour Head vs. Gonzales, Salt Lake City.



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
MAY 19, 1958

INVASION OF ROME

Sport's big news is that athletes are our busiest ambassadors. They are looking to 1960 for the most spectacular Olympics of all. Here is an early preview of the grandeur that will be Rome

IN THE shrinking world of today, the surest passport for intercontinental travel is athletic ability. Russian wrestlers recently toured the United States and Russian weight lifters are here now. American basketball players have been to Moscow and Tiflis and Leningrad, and the favorites of the gallery at the Masters golf tournament were two small and cheerful Japanese pros. A cricket team from Pakistan performed in the eastern United States and American skiers people the snowy slopes of Europe. Since the end of World War II, sport on the international level has mushroomed tremendously in defiance of cold wars and iron curtains.

As athletes crisscross the world in usually friendly competition, most of them are looking ahead to 1960, when the games of the XVII Olympiad are scheduled for Rome. It looks like the greatest of all Olympic Games and Rome, a prime target for tourists for all of its 2,700 years, has preparations well in hand for probably the most overpowering influx of visitors since the barbarian invasions.

Architect of the new Roman Olympic installations is Professor Pier Luigi Nervi, at 67 a restless, energetic man who is a poet in concrete. For the Olympics, Nervi is constructing the Tiziano Stadium and two indoor sports stadiums, the recently completed Palazzetto dello Sport and the Palazzo dello Sport, a coliseum which will seat 18,000 spectators with no posts to obstruct the view of the spectators.

The main Olympic stadium, situated on the Tiber north of Rome in a complex of buildings started under Mussolini and known as the Foro Italico, will be rearranged to seat 110,000 for the Olympic Games. Close to it is the Stadio dei Marmi—the Marble Stadium, ringed by 60 imposing male statues—which will be used for warmup sessions by the competitors. It will be joined to the Olympic stadium by a tunnel fitted with dressing rooms and even a press room so that writers can intercept the athletes en route to or returning from competition. This tunnel is now under construction. The 55,000-seat Tiziano Stadium will also be a part of this complex. Italy, unlike Australia for the 1956 Olympics, is on or ahead of schedule in all of its preparations for the Games.

The only quibble Avery Brundage, head of the International Olympic Committee, could discover on his October 1957 visit to Rome was a question of housing for the athletes who will be on hand. This has been taken care of by moving out refugees from Anzio and Cassino who had squatted in an area near the primary Olympic site. In place of the old truck bodies and one-room shanties which now house these unfortunates, a modern housing project is slated for completion in time for occupancy by the athletes of the world.

The secondary Olympic complex is south of Rome, which is a long haul from the Foro Italico on the banks of the Tiber. There will be located Nervi's Palazzo dello Sport (basketball, boxing), the velodrome for cycling and accommodations for other minor sports.

The financing of this widespread building might give Mr. Brundage another point to argue about. The Italian Olympic Committee (CONI) derives its income from the national lottery (*totocalcio*). The original (1955) estimate for the cost of Olympic construction was 4 billion lira, or some $6.4 million. This did not include the Olympic Village, which is to be paid for by the Italian government and which cost another $4 million. As is usual, the original estimate proved low; Olympic structures now are estimated at $8 million and the cost of the Olympic Village, too, is expected to exceed the original estimate. CONI's only source of income is the *totocalcio* and this amounts to about $11 million per year, out of which some 2½ million are spent promoting sports in schools and in the armed forces.

Hotels are a-building all over Rome to accommodate the anticipated 2 million-plus visitors for the Olympic weeks. And in Rome, a city dedicated to architectural beauty, most of the hotels and Nervi's sports structures are part of the grandeur that was and will be Rome.

Photographed by Jerry Cooke

YOUNG ROMANS

They pose with one of the 60 statues which ring the Stadio dei Marmi, a 20,000-seat stadium which will be used for warmups before events in the Olympic Games.







INDOOR SWIMMING

Pool will be used for water polo and swimming events in the pentathlon. Built in Mussolini's regime, it was completed in 1932. Murals on wall depict fantasy of men with sea horses. The outdoor pool will be used for Olympic swimming and diving competition. Murals are in mosaic tile.



MUSSOLINI MONOLITH ▶

A monument which was raised near Foro Italico Olympic site in honor of Il Duce in 1932. Romans do not object to having Mussolini's name on the single piece of Carrara marble. "They haven't destroyed the Baths of Caracalla, although Caracalla was possibly the worst dictator Rome has ever known."



OLYMPIC STADIUM

This now seats 100,000, but a rearrangement of seating will boost the capacity to 110,000 for the Olympic Games. In this stadium will take place the track and field events and the finals in soccer, plus the opening and closing ceremonies. It was first conceived by Mussolini for the 1944 Olympics.



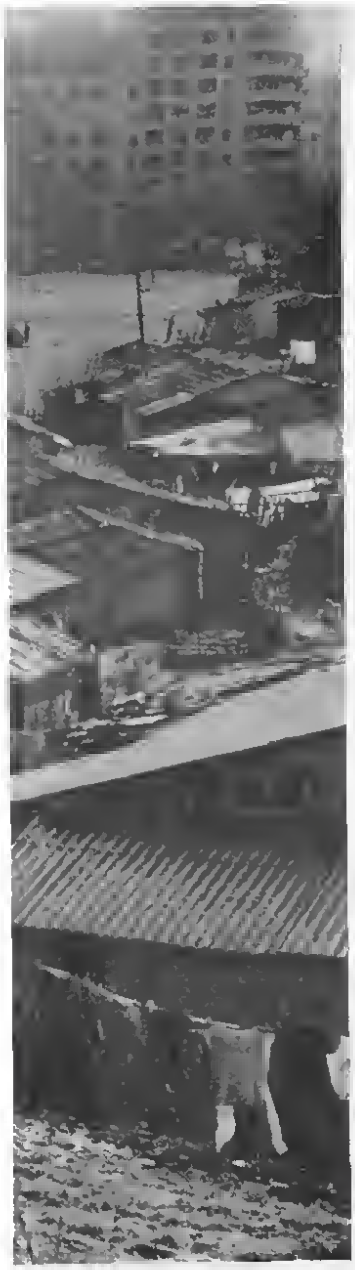
SLUM DWELLINGS

Due to be cleared from this site for the erection of Olympic Village to house the 8,000-odd athletes expected for 1960. Inhabitants of the area, most of them refugees from Anzio and Cassino, are being given new and better housing by the municipality of Rome.



ROMAN ARCHITECT

Pier Luigi Nervi is regarded as one of Europe's best engineers. The Palazzetto dello Sport (*right*) is distinguished by a dome supported by the Y-shaped structures around it designed to give maximum vertical support plus the strength to withstand a hurricane.





OUTDOOR SWIMMING POOL

Opening Olympic competition will be held here if the Italian Olympic Committee is successful in having the track and field events postponed until the second week of the Games to sustain interest. This pool is located in the Foro Italico complex, near the principal Olympic Stadium.





CONSTANTINE'S ARCH

Last of the triumphal arches to be erected in Rome, this will be the site of the finish of the marathon race, which will start just below the Piazza del Campidoglio. This arch, one of the many architectural wonders of Rome, was constructed as a memorial to the victories of Constantine and has three centuries of Roman history carved in bas-relief.

BASILICA DI MASSENZIO

Used in past for open-air night concerts, will house the wrestling competition during the Olympics. Seats will be erected on wooden stands for the audience after a precedent set by Mussolini, who was particularly fond of concerts here and opera at the Caracalla.





BATNS OF CARACALLA

An enormous structure originally built as a sort of king-size gymnasium, it will be used for Olympic gymnastic competition. Mussolini called this "The Theater of the 20 Thousand," from the 20,000 seats erected on wooden stands for opera performances.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Duty of Ball Parks

MRS. MAY LEE, 72, a loyal fan of the Milwaukee Braves, has been awarded $3,675. The award has just been upheld by the Wisconsin Supreme Court, and the verdict may involve a lesson for baseball.

Mrs. Lee was watching the Braves beat the Philadelphia Phillies in the first game of a double-header just three years ago when a foul ball fell into the stands between home and third just a row or two ahead of her. Thereupon, Mrs. Lee complained, 10 or a dozen of her neighbors swarmed after the ball, throwing her from her chair into the concrete aisle and down a couple of steps. She suffered a broken rib and severe pain and was unconscious for a while. Ushers, who Mrs. Lee thinks should have protected her, were all down on the field getting set to protect the playing surface after the last out.

The defense told Mrs. Lee that if she wanted to be sure-enough safe at a ball game she could have sat behind the home-plate screen; that they could find no precedent anywhere for an award of the kind she asked. Well, now there is a precedent, at least in Wisconsin. Ball parks, the court said, have a duty to protect their customers at all times.

Mrs. Lee's case involves another possible lesson for insurance companies. After her accident Mrs. Lee offered to settle for her hospital bill—$100—but the Braves' insurance company turned her down.

Ratseys Here and There

WITH the new America's Cup yachts scheduled to hit the water between now and mid-June, one of our boating men has just paid a visit to the firm of Ratsey & Lapthorn on City Island in the north end of The Bronx to see how the sails for the boats are coming. The sails are coming fine, according to Mr. Ernest Ratsey, head of the firm, a comfortable-looking, ruddy fellow who sounds a bit like a Hampshireman although he left England with the migrating branch of the Ratseys at the age of 6 months.

"We started in 1790 over on the Isle of Wight at Cowes," said Mr. Ratsey, "and we opened the New York branch in 1902. I'm the fifth and my son Colin is the sixth and he's got a son Scott who'll come along to be a seventh generation. Our founder was George Rogers Ratsey, and the business was taken up by his son Charles. Now Charles married twice and had George Rogers by his first wife and Thomas White by his second. George Rogers' son, George Ernest, was my father and my brother is George Colin. My Uncle Thomas White was quite a character. He was an observer during the Seawanhaka

continued



The eighth dwarf joins the club.

Cup races over here back in 1929 when the British were running in it against the Americans and in the final race had to get by the American boat to win, and wouldn't you know it, they got a puff right at the finish and came in the winner. Uncle Tom donned one of his socks wrong side out that day and claimed that this was the reason for the luck. He presented the sock to the winning yacht club and they have it to this day.

"Well, Uncle Tom's son Tom Christopher and *his* son Stephen and nephew Franklin Woodroffe are the Ratseys over there today, along with George Colin who went back over to help them there just last year. I run things over here with the help of Colin Ernest. We own half of them and they own half of us. I hope I'm not confusing you.

"As for the Lapthorn part of it, the Lapthorns had a loft in Gosport and used to compete with the Ratsey loft in Cowes. They finally amalgamated in 1880 and the loft in Gosport was known as Lapthorn & Ratseys and at Cowes it was Ratseys & Lapthorn.

"We've made all the sails over there for the challengers for the America's Cup, and that includes the *Sceptre*, and over here we've made sails for every defender since 1914. Back in 1805 we made the fore topsail for Nelson's *Victory*, the one he carried at Trafalgar, and that was a flax sail, made before the days of cotton. Our lofts at Gosport and Cowes were blitzed during the last war and we had to start them all over again. This year we're making sails for three of the American boats, but we're not making anything for the Boston boat. They are buying local. That doesn't mean you don't have to watch out for them, because their Ray Hunt is an



absolute whiz when it comes to racing. He could make *Kon-Tiki* win if he had to.

"The fact that we're making the sails for the cup boats doesn't mean for one minute that we're letting the small boats go. We made that mistake back in 1930 when we did the sails for seven cup boats, almost half a million dollars' worth, and had to turn down a lot of orders. It took us all of 10 years to get the orders back again. We've already got one cup sail on the water, on the *Vim*. It's a new Dacron mainsail and I haven't seen it, but Carleton Mitchell has and he says it's beautiful. That's good enough for me."

They Said It

CASEY STENGEL, *after a week-long schedule of rained-out games: "It's been so long since we played a game I had to ask Edna [Mrs. Stengel] what was Berra's first name."*

PEAHEAD WALKER, *coach of Montreal's Alouettes, on hearing Frank Howard of Clemson was off to coach U.S. Army football players in Europe: "Howard must never converse in French or German, for what could be worse than an Alabaman with a South Carolina accent trying to speak a foreign language while wearing a dental plate?"* **HOWARD:** *"I remember Peahead as a boy in Alabama. He talks of his vast knowledge of* savoir-faire. *He didn't have an underwear change then—and two-toned shoes to him were a pair of black brogans with red clay on the soles."*

AVERY BRUNDAGE, *guardian of Olympic amateurism, when asked in Japan for his views on sham amateurism: "Are you ready to stay here all afternoon?"*

Driver's License

THE best driver in the world showed up quietly at the 433-acre Indianapolis motor speedway the other day and, for a while, went as unnoticed as an apprentice pit jockey. Juan Manuel Fangio, veteran of the Le Mans 24 Hours and of the Mille Miglia, the Monza, of the Nürburgring and Carrera-Panamericana, has never raced at Indianapolis and was obliged to pass the novice driver's test before attempting to qualify for the "500" on May 30.

On his first rounds Fangio had a near-disaster; the experienced Indianapolis driver Ray Crawford, traveling at 135 mph, spun in front of the Argentinian on the northeast curve, missed a screaming collision by two feet. Fangio assumed all blame. "I shouldn't have been in the center of the track," he said.

Undisturbed, Fangio then ran six of his 10 laps for the driver's test at the required speed of 115 mph. Three of the first test laps were thrown out by the officials because he was running at 120 or over; the tolerance allowed during this phase is 114 to 119 mph. Fangio made up the laps later, then successfully completed 10 laps at 120, 10 laps at 125 and 10 laps at 130 to pass his test. He had expert coaching —from Mauri Rose, three-time winner of the "500." Rose drew track diagrams with chalk for Fangio, showed him where to run in the "groove" on turns and handled the signal board in the pits as Fangio swept around the track.

Test over, Fangio concentrated on learning track and car by heart. He began picking up speed and, on one lap, hit it up past 140 mph, qualifying speed at Indianapolis last year. Pleased, although he was bothered with a head cold, he then climbed out, stripped three bands of tape (signifying WARNING: ROOKIE) from the rear of his car and talked a bit.

"I'm beginning to find my way around," he said. "All the time you have to learn, even a man of my age and experience."

But mostly he drove, trying to find the secret of the 2½-mile oval. He learned to feather his throttle on turns

instead of taking his foot off entirely, an important lesson since the "500" is won in the turns and the speed that one makes through them. He abandoned his idea of putting a three-speed gearbox in the car for downshifting through the turns. He got the feel of his Dayton Special, said it was all he hoped it would be.

Other drivers watched Fangio's progress skeptically. "He hasn't got a chance," concluded Jimmy Bryan, one of the favorites. "He's just not used to this closed-circuit racing. He's used to downshifting and running through the corners, things they don't do here. I'm not trying to run him down, but he's just another race driver at this speedway."

Fangio conceded nothing. He just kept turning laps, each one faster than the one before, preparing for his qualifying run, possibly this week.

He repeated that he has much to learn. Old admirers remembered a point of principle that Fangio did not bother to restate: never enter a race you do not intend to win.



"So sell us!"

How!

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW before the rush to the nation's forests and lakes will be on in earnest. Anticipating the annual glut of hunters and fishermen in their area, a number of would-be Indian guides in northern Minnesota took stock of themselves the other day and found themselves deficient. So, in an airplane hangar classroom in Bemidji last week, seven



Chippewas and one Sioux sat in solemn council addressing their thoughts to a vanishing art: how to be an Indian. Spelling out the woodsy wisdom was no antique chieftain. Teacher was a paleface.

The course in accredited Indian behavior is an activity of Minnesota's Interim Commission on Indian Affairs. In its 15 days it is calculated to help the students become self-supporting as members of an elite guide service for the hundreds of tenderfoot sportsmen who wander, wampum ajingle, through the state's forests. The Indians, all indigenous to the woods but wanting in the lore of their fathers' fathers, are being trained by forest rangers, game wardens, a Red Cross safety director and a college history professor.

What does it take to be an Indian's Indian? For one thing, the braves are discovering how to find once, then find again a good spot on a lake for fishing. They are also learning the ABCs of forestry laws, of hunting, of woodcraft and mapping, of first aid and of the upkeep of that white man's burden, the outboard motor.

One instructor is advising the Indians on Indian customs, a science he defines as "show-off stuff for the white man." Among the customary dos and don'ts: to look like an Indian guide, wear an old hat with a four-cornered crease; wear an eagle feather if you wish, but don't shoot Minnesota's eagles to get one; don't call hunters dudes; paddle the canoe for them; most important, when the fire burns low and the timber wolves howl, spin them an old Indian tale.

Visitors to This Land

THE LATEST athletic visitors to the U.S. are the Pakistani cricket team, perhaps the third- or fourth-best in the world, and a Russian weight lifting team, all but one of them world champions.

The Pakistanis came first, wearing green blazers and flannel ice cream pants. They are: A. H. Kardar, Imtiaz Ahmed, Khan Mohammed, Waqar Hassan, Mahmud Hussain, Alim-Ud-Din, Wazir Mohammed, Ikram Elahi, Abdul Munaf, Ijaz Butt, Hasib Ahsan, Saeed Ahmed, Nasimal Ghani, S. F. Rahman, Zulfiqar Ahmed and Wallis Mathias. Mathias is a Christian. Ghani is a slow left-hand bowler who serves a lovely googly and is the only Pakistani with a crew cut. He is 16 years old and the youngest player ever to participate in a test match. Elahi, a useful all-rounder, is a comedian.

continued

His comedy is on the order of Al Schacht's.

The Russians came next, wearing boxy suits and perforated shoes. They are, from bantamweight to heavyweight: Vladimir Stogov, Yevgeni Minaev, Victor Bushuev, Fedor Bogdanovsky, Trofim Lomakin, Arkadiy Vorobiev and Aleksei Medvedev. Medvedev means bear; Vorobiev means sparrow. Medvedev, who is massively constructed, looks like a bear; Vorobiev, a moody doctor, does not look like a sparrow. Lomakin is supposed to like vodka, "but only when he needs it." None of the Russians has a crew cut. There does not appear to be a comedian among them. When the New York photographers wanted to take a picture of the Russians arrayed in a file according to weight, Vorobiev declined. "*Nekulturno*," he said. *Nekulturno* means it was an uncultured request. The Russians do not enjoy having their pictures taken. They would rather work out on the weights. "How much longer do we have to stand this torment?" they say to one another. "What is cheese in Russian?" cried one desperate photographer. The Russians do not like to smile endlessly for photographers, either. They would rather work out on the weights.

The Pakistanis were to play their first match in Philadelphia a fortnight ago, but it rained. "Manchester weather," said one, looking out at the grounds where waterlogged crows flapped heavily. "Manchester weather," agreed his companion. "What a lousy day for cricket, Shah," one little boy told another. "Cricket fits in with the 19th or early 20th century," said H.E. Mr. Mohammed Ali, Ambassador of Pakistan to the U.S., from the clubhouse porch. "It's old-fashioned. People no longer have the time, the concentration. They want baseball. It is quick. It is in accordance with the times. What a pleasant place though, with a belt of trees."

A fellow asked Khan Mohammed, a right-arm fast bowler with a melancholy face, why cricket couldn't be played in the rain. "You notice the creases in my pants," explained Mohammed. "I like rock 'n' roll," he said, and shuffled to music from a loudspeaker. He was asked if anyone ever gets killed in cricket. "The cricket ball is very fast," he said, "but God is great; He always looks after His people."

After three rain-outs, the Pakistanis played their first match last Saturday at New York City's Randalls Island against an all-star team from the Joint Cricket Leagues of New York. H.E. Prince Aly Khan, Pakistani Ambassador to the U.N., resplendent in brown suede shoes, Cambridge-gray pants, blue shirt and tie, bowled the first ball. Prince Aly is not a cricket fan. "I was delighted to see the Derby," he said. "I never felt Silky Sullivan had much chance of winning; he, of course, didn't have any breeding to speak of. I put a small wager on Tim Tam. Just $20."

Despite the heroic efforts of a stately New York slow-medium bowler named Leslie Russell, Pakistan won handily, 189 runs for four wickets to 70 runs for 10 wickets.

"I saw the girls walking up and down Fifth Avenue," said a young Pakistani bat, "and, indeed, they looked very nice to me. But don't print that because they will fine me £50 and send me back home."

The Russians went to see the circus before they left for matches in Chicago and Detroit. "I liked the acrobats the best," said Featherweight Minaev. "I liked the two girls who were shot out of a cannon, too. That's also acrobatics."



Muscle Tussle

Each year I creak a little more
When summer sports begin,
And hope I won't be broken down
Before I'm broken in.

—IRENE WARSAW

Metropolitan Blackout

THE WESTWARD SET of sport's imperial tide, first noted in baseball, is continuing in other ways. Houston, for example, is now a better fight town than New York. So is San Francisco; so is Los Angeles. More fans pay more money to see more (and better) fights in these cities than in New York.

The reason? New York is overpopulated. It has too many fight fans.

The metropolitan area contains so many people, who own so many television sets, that sponsors are unwilling to black out this rich market. Without a local blackout there can be no paid attendance of consequence. Result: good fights which can attract a paid attendance go west. New York gets the leavings.

A superior fight New Yorkers saw only on television was the Joe Brown-Ralph Dupas lightweight title bout in Houston the other night. It set a Texas record gross gate of $68,740, with $30,000 more from television. It was worth every penny.

Brown proved himself a proper champion, a skilled boxer with the wisdom of a veteran and the punch of a much heavier man. It was quite a trick for him to catch the evasive Dupas, but Brown did it often and scored prettily from time to time with one of boxing's finest one-two combinations. Brown downed his man in the eighth round with a sharp left hook followed by a short, jolting right. The ensuing 10-count did not count; emulating the Dempsey of Chicago, Brown lingered too long before going to a neutral corner and the fight went on. Just for a little while, however. At 2:21 Dupas was staggering again and the fight was stopped.

Just a few days previously San Franciscans numbering 10,000 paid $48,998 to see Joey Giardello clearly establish his superiority over Rory Calhoun in a thriller of a fight. New Yorkers didn't even get a chance to see that one on television. It wasn't televised.

COMES NOW MR. FRICK WITH PLAN



COMMISSIONER FORD FRICK OFFERS A FAIR-MINDED MAN'S IDEA—BUT JUST A BIT LATE

FORD FRICK, the Commissioner of Baseball, offered a sound amendment to major league playing rules the other day. If adopted, it would require all ball parks built or remodeled in the future (but not those now in use) to have foul lines at least 325 feet long and center fields at least 400 feet deep.

In offering his rule change, Frick said he had favored the standardization of ball parks for years. "There is no question but what we are going to have many more clubs and many new stadiums," he said. "Now is the time to plan for standardization."

It certainly is. In fact, now is a little late. If Frick had had his brainstorm last October, when it became certain that the Dodgers and the Giants would move to the West Coast, it might have been possible to avoid the sad situation which Dodger Owner Walter O'Malley created by shoehorning a baseball field into the Los Angeles Coliseum without making room for a modern major league one.

An outfield of reasonable size (though not, perhaps, of the size Frick's new specifications call for) could have been made in the Coliseum by removing some of the seats. This would have meant filling the gap with temporary seats for the football season, and restoring the Coliseum to its original shape when the Dodgers leave it. But there is no evidence that O'Malley, Frick and the rest of Organized Baseball ever seriously considered doing this; it would have cost a packet of money.

Moreover—and this may be news even to Commissioner Frick—the Coliseum's success from a box-office point of view has set other club owners to thinking. Bob Carpenter, owner of the Phillies, and Richardson Dilworth, mayor of Philadelphia, have summoned an architect to consider the alteration of Philadelphia's huge Municipal Stadium (102,000 seats) into a big new home for the Phillies. That, too, would mean a cramped outfield, unless the Philadelphia stadium were subjected to just the kind of remodeling that O'Malley balked at paying for.

The idea of playing baseball in football stadiums could spread far. If the Phillies moved into Municipal Stadium, then the White Sox might try Soldier Field (102,000 seats) and the Pirates Pitt Stadium. The Detroit Tigers could move into the University of Michigan Stadium at Ann Arbor and the New York Yankees could shift to the Yale Bowl. "It would," said a fan sardonically, "be one way to get standardization."

No, it was not a moment too soon for Mr. Frick to make his proposal. In fact, it was demonstrably a moment late. He seemed to be drawing up plans for the barn after the horse was stolen. In recognition of these circumstances, we award the commissioner a handy reprint of an injunction that has become a familiar sight on office walls all over the country:

PLAN AHEAD



WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

THE GOOD LIFE OF NEW MEXICO



To Photographer Jerry Cooke and his restless color camera, New Mexico in the languid season when spring turns to summer seemed to offer a unique variety of sporting scenes. A sports car rally was tinged with pioneer adventure, the little cars snaking along desert highways like U.S. 85 (*above*) beneath the great brown bluffs near Albuquerque. Fishermen delicately touched their flies to tumbling streams that flowed from mountain heights to arid deserts. On greening links golfers and bowmen found joint pleasure in a fascinating new game that matched arrows against balls. Horsemen charged their ponies like Indians in their own special brand of polo. They were scenes by turns exultant and serene, in a land with a wilderness and beauty all its own.

CONTINUED





Rolling Rio Grande in its upper reaches near Dixon is a fine, small fishing stream tumbling down from mountains.



Bowmen match their skill against golfers in game of golf-archery on Los Alamos Club fairway. Target is paper ball.

Four horsemen in Santa Fe charge in practice session of palmetto polo, favorite New Mexico version of the game.





Mrs. Dorothy Glidden, whose late husband, Writer Peter Dawson, established this Jacona Valley home 20 years ago, relaxes peacefully in the gentle spring sun.

Endorsed by the Dry Martini Chapter of the Four Roses Society



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Londoners now import Four Roses Gin



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BIG LEAGUE SECRETS: PART 5

RICHIE ASHBURN ON THE ART OF OUTFIELDING and BASE RUNNING

'There is no substitute for alertness. When the ball is hit toward the shortstop, I expect the error. As far as I'm concerned, that ball is going right through his legs. Then I'm there to pick it up'

TOLD TO WALTER BINGHAM

Illustrations by Ed Vebell



Richie Ashburn is blessed with speed, and he has used it to become one of baseball's finest outfielders and base runners. In his 10 full seasons with Philadelphia, Ashburn has caught over 4,600 fly balls, more than any other active outfielder, more even than the great Joe DiMaggio. Only 31, he is almost certain to wind up his career with more putouts than any outfielder in history. As a base runner, Ashburn has no superior. In 1948, his rookie year, he led the league in stolen bases with 32. His lifetime total of 160 ranks second only to Pee Wee Reese.

OUTFIELDING

BEFORE I catch a fly ball or throw out a runner at the plate, I must decide where I am going to play the batter. Three major factors affect my decision: the batter, the pitcher and the game situation.

No two batters are exactly the same. As a rule, left-handed batters hit to right field and right-handed batters hit to left. But there are some men like Dick Groat, Don Mueller and, for that matter, myself, who more often than not hit to the opposite field; and others, like Pee Wee Reese and Al Dark, who hit the ball where it's pitched. An outfielder must study every batter in the league and learn his hitting habits, that is, where each is most likely to hit various pitches. It takes time.

I always make a mental note of which batters on the other team are hitting well and which are in slumps. A check of recent box scores is a good way to find out. Take a man like Carl Furillo. Furillo is a streak hitter. When he is hitting well, I play him five steps deeper than normal and a few steps more toward left field, since he is likely to pull the ball. When Carl is in a slump, I play him five steps closer and over a bit toward straightaway center field. That difference of 10 feet can be awfully important.

Before a game I always try to get together with our starting pitcher, especially if there are a couple of guys on the other team we have had trouble getting out. Or if there is a newcomer on the team. I find out how our pitcher is going to handle the batter; what pitch is he going to try to get him out with. I also ask him if there are any batters he would like me to play differently. Usually the older pitchers will volunteer this information without being asked, but sometimes young pitchers are hesitant to ask a veteran outfielder to move over a step or two. If a pitcher does want me to play a hitter differently, I usually will, not because he may be right, but because he will feel better and therefore pitch better. And that, of course, is the important thing.

Then there are questions involving the pitcher himself. Is he left-handed or right-handed? Does he have a good fast ball or does he throw curves? Is he well rested? If he has a good fast ball and has had four days' rest, the batters will be swinging late and hitting to their opposite fields. As the game goes on the batters will be swinging sooner, because they will be getting used to the pitcher and because the pitcher will be tiring.

The game situation—that is, the score, the inning, the number of men on base and the number of outs—can affect my decision about where to play more than any other factor. Let's take two extreme situations: with a runner on first base, two out and the score tied in the ninth inning, I must play deeper, about 50 feet deeper, than I normally would. In this situation we can afford to yield a single since the runner on first will not score on the hit. By playing deep I have a better chance of cutting off a line drive before it goes between myself and one of the other outfielders, and thus of holding it to a single. Now the other situation: again the score is tied in the ninth inning, but this time the runner is on third with none out. Now I must play in close, regardless of who the batter is. If a long fly ball is hit, the game will be over even if I were able to catch it, for the runner would tag up and score. By playing close, I might be able to intercept a line drive before it hits the ground. In any case, I have nothing to lose. As I said, these are two extreme cases. The game situation exists from the first pitch to the last. It is constantly changing, if only slightly, and as it does, so does my decision on where to play the batter.

BASE HIT: RUNNER ON SECOND



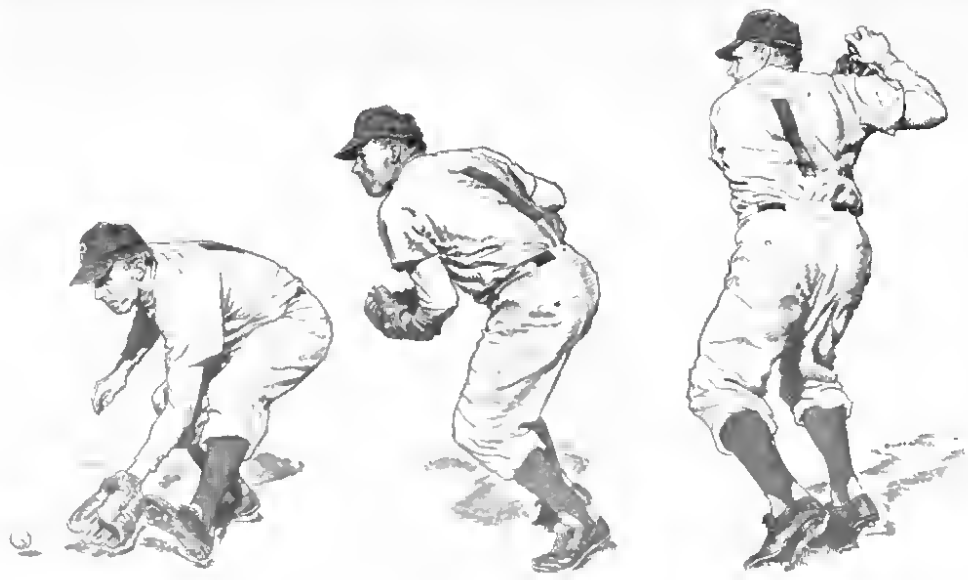
BASE HIT: NO ONE ON BASE



Having considered the batter, the pitcher and the game situation, I pick the exact spot in center field where I will station myself. Frankly, it is a guess. If I *knew* exactly where the batter was going to hit the ball, we'd only need one fielder. But although it is a guess, it is a calculated guess, and over the course of a full season I figure that I guess correctly often enough to make all the figuring I do well worthwhile.

When the batter hits the ball, the second half of my job begins. Here are five of the most common plays I am called upon to make.

1) The ground ball single to center field. If there is no one on base I simply block the ball. If the ball has been hit sharply, I let it come to me. As it does, I crouch



THE WINNING RUN is on second base in the ninth inning, and the batter has singled. In this situation, I cannot afford to be cautious. I must make an all-out attempt to throw the runner out at the plate. Therefore I charge in fast and scoop the ball up with the gloved hand, straighten and throw. There is a fair chance I will fumble the ball, but if I play it safe, the run will surely score.



THE BATTER HITS the same type of single to center field, but this time there are no runners on base. Now my main concern is blocking the ball, keeping the batter from taking an extra base. If the ball has been hit sharply, I let it come to me. As it does, I crouch and field it with both hands. If the ball has not been hit sharply, I come forward to meet it, but I still field it the same way.

with my right knee near the ground and field the ball with both hands. I can afford to be cautious for there are no base runners and the ball has reached me so quickly the batter will not try for second. My only concern is preventing the ball from getting through me. If the ball is not hit sharply, I come forward to meet it, but I still field it the same way.

If, on the same type of ground ball single, the winning run is on second base in the ninth inning, I must use other tactics. This is no time for caution. I must charge the ball as quickly as possible, scoop it up on the run with my gloved hand and throw it to the catcher. There is no other way. If I play it safe, if I field the ball as I did on the other occasion, the run will surely score, and the game will be lost.

This might be a good time to mention that a good outfielder always is aware of *who* the base runner is. If it is Willie Mays, the outfielder will have to make a very quick play. If it is a slow man, the outfielder knows he can take a little bit more time.

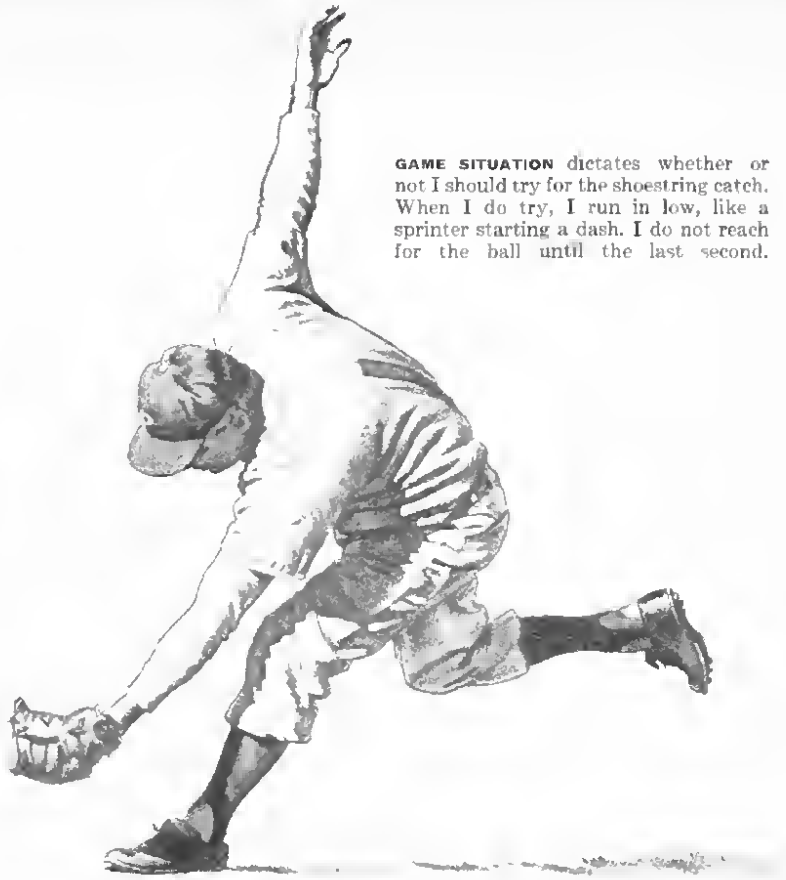
2) The routine fly ball. If it is hit in my territory I get to it in a hurry and wait for it. Some outfielders, knowing they can get to the ball easily, cruise over for it and take it on the run. I don't like to do this. If the wind happens to take the ball away, I might miss it. Like most outfielders, I catch fly balls head-high. If there is a throw to be made, I catch the ball moving forward so that my momentum will help the throw. If the ball is hit to one of the other outfielders, I try to get over to him in case he loses the ball. And if there is a runner on base, it is my job to let my teammate know whether or not the runner is tagging up.

3) The long drive. Because I play shallow, I have to go back for a lot of balls. The second the ball is hit I can usually tell by the sound how deep it is going and if I will be able to catch it. (This isn't instinctive. It takes practice, hours of standing in the outfield and having someone hit you fungos.) If the ball is catchable, and most of them are, I turn to the side the ball

continued



ALL OUTFIELD throws should be made straight overhand so the ball will not curve. The ball should be gripped across the seams.



GAME SITUATION dictates whether or not I should try for the shoestring catch. When I do try, I run in low, like a sprinter starting a dash. I do not reach for the ball until the last second.

RICHIE ASHBURN *continued*

is on. (Very few balls are hit *directly* over your head.)

However, as I run back, I do not lose sight of the ball. As with the routine fly ball, I try to get to the spot the ball will land as quickly as possible, so that I can turn and catch it head-high with both hands. Some outfielders like to take long drives on the run. They run back at three-quarter speed and pick the ball off like an end catching a long forward pass. This is a bad habit to get into, I think, because again there is the wind problem, and even if there is no wind, long drives sometimes take off and fool you. By getting back as quickly as I can, I am prepared for any last-second surprise.

4) The shoestring catch. When the batter loops the ball in front of me and I am not sure if I can catch it, the game situation dictates whether or not I should try. For instance, if we lead 4-3 with two out in the ninth and a runner on first, I do *not* try for the out. If I miss and the ball rolls through, the tying run will score. It is better to hold the runner to second or third and take a chance with the next batter. If, however, we are leading 6-3, there is nothing to lose and so I *do* try for the out.

5) The extra base hit between the outfielders. When the ball is hit and I realize that I will not be able to catch it, my first job is to chase the ball down as quickly as possible. The right or left fielder will be trying to do the same thing. If I reach the ball first, I whirl and throw it to the cutoff man who has come out into the outfield. The cutoff man is always the shortstop or second baseman, usually the one with the stronger arm. My throw to him must be accurate and it should come to him chest-high so that he can turn and make his relay to third or home in one motion.

If the other outfielder gets to the ball first, it is my job to remind him to "hit the cutoff man."

Young outfielders often err on this play. In their haste to get the ball back to the infield, they throw it as far as they can without thought of direction. Every throw from the outfield should have a definite destination. Throws to home plate from the outfield should reach the catcher on one bounce. Some outfielders with exceptionally strong arms can throw the ball in on the fly, but I don't recommend it. Chances are the throw will come in too high to be cut off or that it will fall just short of the plate. That puts the catcher in the awkward position of having to scoop up the ball like a first baseman. It is better to bounce it. When I throw the ball, I try to hit a spot about halfway between the mound and the plate. There is a margin for error of about five feet either way. If the ball hits too close to the mound, it may kick off to either side. And if it hits too close to the catcher, it makes it difficult for him.

There is no substitute for alertness. When the ball is hit toward the shortstop, I *expect* the error. As far as I'm concerned, that ball is going right through his legs. Then if it really does, I'm there to pick it up before the runner can take an extra base. On bunts, rundowns and attempted steals, I run in to back up. On the simple sacrifice play, every outfielder has a job. It is dog work. Only occasionally does it pay off, but the few times are worth it. And nothing makes an outfielder look worse than an overthrow which he has failed to back up.

FOR RICHIE ASHBURN ON BASE RUNNING, SEE PAGE 45



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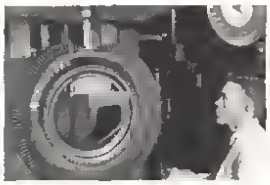
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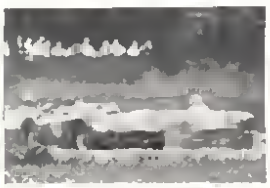
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RUNNING THE BASES

BASE RUNNING begins at home plate. In the split second after I hit the ball I can tell how I've hit it, on the ground, in the air or on a line. If I have hit the ball on the ground and it is apparent that an infielder will stop it, all I can do is cross the bag as quickly as possible. I watch the bag, not the ball. And when I pass over the bag, I touch the front of it—that is, the home plate side of it—with my toe. When a runner plants his foot smack in the middle of first base, it means that part of his foot passed over part of the bag. It means he could have touched the bag sooner. That fraction of a second can mean the difference between safe and out.



WHEN I CROSS first base, I touch the front of the bag with my toe. Doing this, I have reached the bag as quickly as possible

There are times when a base runner should slide into first base. If the first baseman must leave the bag to take a wide throw, he will try to tag the runner going by. The runner should make it as difficult as possible by sliding away from the tag, just as on any other tag play. Too often players run right into the tag, making the first baseman look good.

If I have hit the ball in the air or on a line, I approach the bag in a different way. In this case I will want to make a turn toward second, perhaps even go to second, and I will naturally want to get there as soon as possible. Some players in such a situation will start swinging wide of the first-base line almost as soon as they leave the batter's box. They swing so wide that when they hit first base they are already facing second. There are other players who run directly toward first base and do not begin their turn until they have crossed the bag. The method of rounding a base I recommend and use is this: I start off directly toward first base and continue to a point perhaps 15 feet short of the bag. Then I swerve sharply to the right with my right foot and cut back

continued



I TAKE my lead and crouch slightly, my weight balanced, my arms loose.



I DON'T jump back and forth lest the pitcher nip me going the wrong way.



AS HE makes his move to the plate, I shove off for second on my left foot.

RICHIE ASHBURN *continued*

again on my left, hit the inside corner of first base and head for second. The movement is akin to a halfback sidestepping a tackler, or an automobile swerving to avoid a bump. It enables me to run a shorter distance at almost full speed.

If I hit the ball to right field, it is I who make the decision whether or not to try for second since I can watch the fielder. But when I slice one down the left-field line, I leave it up to the first-base coach whether I can try for second. He is better able to judge.

Having reached first base safely, I take a lead toward second. The longer lead I take, the less distance I must travel to reach second. The pitcher realizes this, of course, and if he starts to think about it too much, he won't pitch as well. Jackie Robinson used to carry out this idea to the last decimal.

How long a lead is safe? It depends on the game situation, the runner and the pitcher. There are times when it would be plain silly to stray too far. If our team is two runs behind and I am on first, there is no point in taking a long lead. There's no percentage in stealing and the pitcher knows this, so he isn't going to worry if I take an eight-foot lead. And he might pick me off.

A runner's reactions dictate to some extent the size of his lead. Runners who react quickly can afford to take longer leads than runners whose reactions are slower, because they can get back to the base faster in case of a pick-off attempt.

Some pitchers have well-concealed pick-off motions. Others are more obvious. Left-handed pitchers face first base when they stretch, which makes long leads against them almost impossible. The smoother a pitcher's motion to first base, the more careful the runner must be.

After I take my lead, whether it be six steps or eight steps, I stand facing the pitcher *(see first diagram above)*, legs slightly bent, feet about a foot and a half apart with my weight evenly distributed. I crouch a bit and let my arms hang loosely in front of me. My eyes never leave the pitcher. He is taking his stretch and is looking at me. I am waiting for the first indication that he will throw to the plate, and not to first. He is hoping I will commit myself before he does. Jackie Robinson told me once he used to study a pitcher's feet. The feet, he said, reveal where the pitcher will throw before any other part of the body. Willie Mays says he watches a pitcher's head. I watch the pitcher as a whole, not any one part of him.

The instant the pitcher commits himself to the plate, I am off for second if I am trying to steal or if the hit-and-run sign is on. If, however, the pitcher does throw over to first, I dive back head first, tagging the back corner of the bag with my right hand so that my body is as far away from the first baseman as possible.

There are times, of course, when I will get back too late. Whenever I realize that there is no chance of beating the throw, here is a trick that occasionally works. When I dive for the bag, I do not extend my arms. If the first baseman makes a swipe in front of the bag with his glove, as he often will, I wait until the glove has swung past, then reach out quickly and grab the bag. It has worked for me on a number of occasions.

An integral part of base running is sliding. A good base runner knows how to slide several ways and when to use each.

When I was younger, I used the head-first slide almost exclusively. It's still my favorite type of slide, but ever since I broke my finger while using it a few years ago, I've saved it for special occasions. The head-first



THOSE first few steps make the difference. My weight is forward, my legs drive hard.

slide offers this advantage: the hands being more mobile than the feet, the base runner can reach out and touch exactly the part of the bag he wants. It's a good slide to use when it looks as if you are going to be out, because you can sometimes reach around the infielder's tag. It's also been my experience that umpires give more consideration to the play when a runner uses this slide.

I also use the hook slide, both to the right and the left. Throws to a base are often slightly off line, and it's to my advantage if I can approach the base away from the ball. Suppose I'm stealing second and as I near the bag I see the second baseman reaching toward the third-base side of the bag for the ball. If the play is going to be close, I'll hook-slide to the right, touching the bag with my left toe. But if the throw is to the other side of the bag, the side from which I am approaching, I'll hook to the left and catch the bag with my right toe.

There are times when deception is not called for but speed is. If I am going from first to third on a single to right, and I see that the third baseman is straddling the bag with his glove held chest-high, a hook slide would just waste a valuable split second. In this situation the best thing I can do is slide straight into the bag and hope I beat the tag. In other words, I take the direct course.

Sometimes I will have to slide even though I know I have the throw beaten easily. Perhaps as I am about to slide on an attempted steal of second I see the shortstop go high and to his right for the throw. Since I have already committed myself to a slide, I use what is known as a stand-up slide. I come straight into the bag on my seat, with one leg extended in front of me, the other tucked under it. The momentum as I hit the bag lifts me back on my feet so that if the throw gets away from the shortstop I am ready to advance to third base. Incidentally, it is on this type of play that so many injuries occur. A runner will start to slide, then realize there is no need to, and he will attempt to remain on his feet. His spikes catch, he falls and his ankle is sprained or broken. It's a good idea to complete any slide you start.

The base runner standing on second base has an excellent view of the catcher. However, fans who conclude that it is therefore easy for him to steal the catcher's signals are mistaken. In the first place, catchers aren't dumb. They are well aware that the runner on second *does* have a good view, and so they take extra pains to hide their signs. But even if the runner does spot a signal, the chances are very good that he will interpret it incorrectly and confuse his own batter. Most batters prefer to be left on their own.

There is one thing I try to do to help the batter. As the pitcher stretches and checks my lead off second, the catcher usually sets his glove as a target, high or low, inside or outside. As he does so, I can alert the batter. "O.K., Granny, boy" can mean outside, "Come on, Hammer" can mean inside. It's a great help to know which part of the plate the pitcher is aiming at.

As a leadoff man, I quite often find myself on third base with less than two out. When the ball is hit in the air to the outfield, I tag up at third and try to score. I use the conventional method of tagging up, that is, my left foot on third, my body facing the field. I go when the outfielder catches the ball. I do not depend on the third-base coach to yell, "Go." Some players like to get into a

continued

THE HEAD-FIRST SLIDE is my favorite. The runner can reach out and touch the part of the bag he wants. It's been my experience that umpires give more consideration to the runner when he uses this slide



position similar to a sprinter. It doesn't matter which foot touches the bag; they use whichever gives them the best start. From this position they can see right field, but must depend on the third-base coach to inform them when the catch is made in center or left.

Occasionally I find myself caught in a rundown. There isn't much to do but run away from the man with the ball. If I get a chance to bump into one of the defensive players I do so, since there is always the chance the umpire will call interference against the other team.

When I come to bat and when I reach base, I want the other team to be aware of me. I want them to worry about me. So every time I single, I make a big turn at first, especially if the ball is in left or center field. I bluff going to second. I keep the pressure on. When I am at bat, I want those outfielders thinking: Here comes Ashburn, and if he hits a single to me, I'd better field it fast and get it into second base in a hurry or else he'll take that extra base. If the outfielders are thinking that, they're likely to bobble the ball in their haste, and then

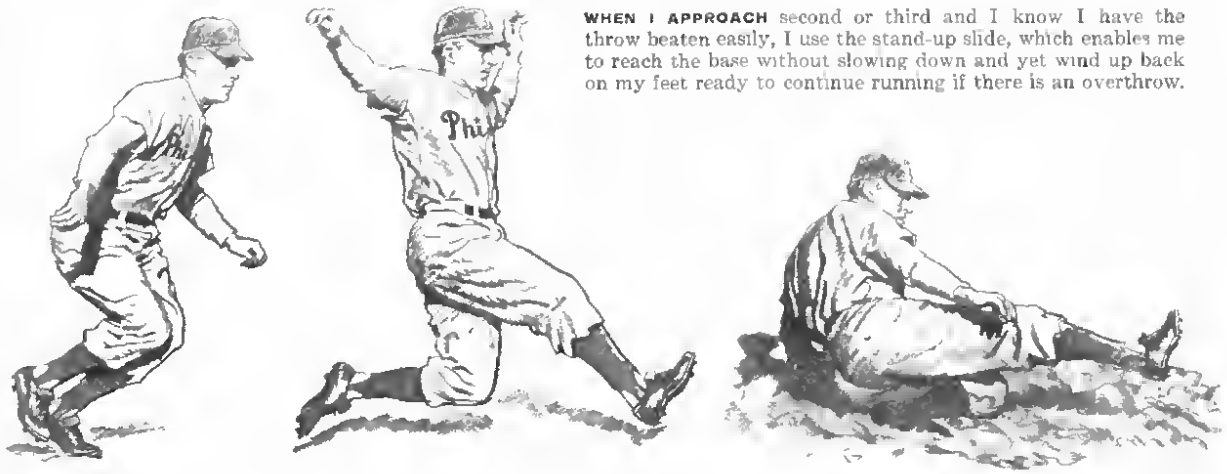
HOOK SLIDE LEFT



HOOK SLIDE RIGHT



STAND-UP SLIDE

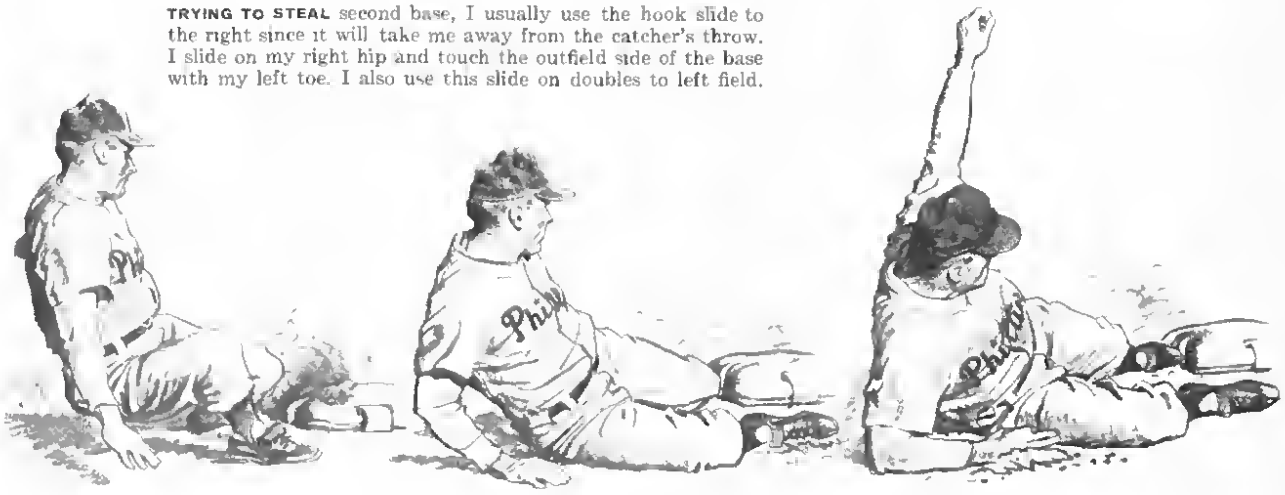


WHEN I APPROACH second or third and I know I have the throw beaten easily, I use the stand-up slide, which enables me to reach the base without slowing down and yet wind up back on my feet ready to continue running if there is an overthrow.

I HAVE HIT the ball down the right-field line and am trying for a double. Since the throw is coming in toward the right-field side of second base, I hook-slide to my left, away from the direction of the ball and let my right toe touch the corner of the bag.



TRYING TO STEAL second base, I usually use the hook slide to the right since it will take me away from the catcher's throw. I slide on my right hip and touch the outfield side of the base with my left toe. I also use this slide on doubles to left field.





I *will* be on second. I never want to make it easy for the opponents if there is the slightest chance to do otherwise. The difference between being on first and being on second is tremendous. A runner can score from second on a single. It takes a double, a long double, to get him home from first.

On the bases, I keep the pressure on. I worry that pitcher. I want him to know tbat Ashburn is on the base paths. If a fly ball is hit, even if it is a shallow fly ball, I tag up and bluff going. I make that outfielder cut loose with a throw. He might throw it into the seats behind third base. He might even drop the ball. The point is, there is no reason to make it easy for him. The team that keeps the pressure on all the time, one way or another, is the team that is going to get the breaks that win the close games. **END**

Up-and-down Cubbies and Cards

In a strange baseball season, two of the strangest sights have been the St. Louis Cardinals at the bottom of the National League and those habitués of the cellar, the Chicago Cubs, near the top. Here are reports on each of these confusing teams climaxed by an account of yet further strange happenings when they played each other last weekend in loyal St. Louis

ST. LOUIS—

Operating on the theory that an imprudent word spoken today may return to haunt you tomorrow, National League managers preparing to take on the St. Louis Cardinals this spring have adopted a sensible if somewhat hypocritical approach to the matter. "The Cards," they say cautiously, "are too good a ball club to keep on losing."



HUTCH SOMETHING SCREWY IN ST. LOUEY

Then, after knocking the Cardinals dead a few times and jumping up and down on them just to be sure that they stay that way, each opposing manager is careful to wipe the happy leer off his face and assume the proper philosophic attitude before delivering a post-mortem over the recumbent corpse: "We were lucky to catch them while they were down."

The only trouble is that if the Cardinals remain down much longer, there won't be much point in bothering to get up at all. The 1958 season, for all practical purposes, will be over. What has happened to St. Louis is one of those strange slumps which, as Fred Haney of Milwaukee points out, happens to all ball clubs once in a while—although, as Haney also admits, "usually not this bad." Expected to be no worse than the second-best team in the National League this year, just as they were in '57, and named the one ball club equipped to give the Braves a real run for the money, the Cardinals have instead turned out to be the most monumental failure of the spring. At the end of the first three weeks of the season they were in last place, 8½ games behind the Cubs and, of even more importance, eight full games behind the Braves. They lost their first four games (in fact, the season was 13 innings old before they even scored a run) and managed to win only three of their first 17. At home, where the good St. Louis fans had not seen a Cardinal victory in 233 days, they managed to lose six straight. If Frank Lane were still around, everyone would know whom to blame, but voluble Frankie having long since departed for the relative serenity of the American League, leaving his old general manager's job in the hands of Bing Devine, the solution of the problem is not quite that simple. No one expects Devine, in whom the whole thing has produced a state of mild shock and disbelief, to work miracles. Neither does anyone seriously blame Fred Hutchinson, a man of stoic mien who has the grand misfortune to be the Cardinal manager. The plain truth of the matter is that the Cardinals have been losing on sheer talent: the pitching is pitiful, the hitting bad and, as a matter of fact, the base running and defense haven't been so hot, either.

Actually, the real culprit has been the pitching staff. While the hitters were failing miserably to hit with men on base, still Stan Musial was batting a startling .529, Del Ennis .333 with 15 runs batted in, Blasingame .294 and Gene Green .293. The Cardinals had scored 72 runs, which should have won a few more games than they had. The trouble was that the opposition had scored 112.

While Hutchinson was juggling his lineup frantically in an attempt to get more run production (he used 12 different lineups in the first 17 games), the Card manager had stuck to four starting pitchers: Vinegar Bend Mizell and Lindy McDaniel (five starts each), Sam Jones (four) and Herm Wehmeier (three). Their combined record was two wins and nine losses (both victories belonged to McDaniel) and their respective—not respectable—earned run averages were 5.63, 6.46, 6.75 and 13.50. In fact, the entire staff's ERA was the worst in all baseball, for the Cardinal



SCHEFFING: WINS WITH AN INTROVERT

continued



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relievers were just as bad. Larry Jackson, counted on as a potential 20-game winner, and Billy Muffett, the surefire relief man of '57, had been particularly sad and futile. And young Von McDaniel had developed such a hitch in his pitching motion that he wasn't even used. Four runs was the lowest that Card pitching had allowed in any one game.

"Multiply our ERA by the number of men left on base," said Hutchinson, "and it would equal the national debt."

No one is quite sure when all the trouble began, but there is a suspicion now that it started in the late stages of spring training.

"Jackson and Muffett both had sore arms," says Hutchinson, "not too bad, just a little stiff, and we figured they would be all right. Moon wasn't hitting and neither was Dark. For that matter, neither was Boyer or Kasko, and they haven't bit since. I don't know what's wrong. I sometimes think that mental attitude is the most important thing in the game. You have to go up there knowing you can hit or knowing you can throw that ball and get somebody out. Evidently this team doesn't feel that way."

In an effort to find the combination that can win, Hutchinson, while sticking with Musial at first, Blasingame at second and Ennis in left, has tried wholesale switches at every other position. In one game against Milwaukee he tied a record by using 24 different players. He has played Boyer and Dark and Rookie Benny Valenzuela at third. He has used Dark and Kasko and Dick Schofield at short. Boyer has played center field and so has Irv Noren, and when Bobby Gene Smith had a trial out there and failed to hit, the Cards sent Smith down to Omaha and recalled young Curtis Flood, who was with the team in spring training but was tabbed for more minor league seasoning. In right there was first Moon, who failed to hit, and then Green, a strong young right-handed hitter who clubbed the Dodger and Redleg left-handers like he owned them but soon relapsed into a big out when the right-handers came to town. The three catchers—Ray Katt, Hal Smith and Hobie Landrith—had amassed a total of eight hits. Devine has been trying to make a trade since February—the names most frequently mentioned have been Center Fielder Richie Ashburn of the Phils and Catcher Smoky Burgess of the Reds, with Frank Thomas of the Pirates and even Duke Snider of the Dodgers drawing an occasional rumor, too—but, as Devine says, "They either wanted too much or felt that we did."

"I have tried everything I can think of," says Hutchinson. "I guess I'll go back to the team I think is the strongest I have and sink or swim with it." And as the Cubs came into town for a four-game series over the weekend, the Cardinal manager was preparing to put Boyer back on third base, Hal Smith behind the plate, Schofield at short (partly to give Dark a little rest), Flood in center field ("You can't win without speed and defense out there," says Hutchinson) and use either Moon or Joe Cunningham in right field against right-hand pitching while platooning Green against the left-handers. "I'll give the pitchers just one more time around," said Hutch, meaning Mizell and Jones, for the Cardinals finally gave up on Wehmeier (he was sold

continued

HOME IS THE HUNTED

When the bedraggled Cardinals crept home after losing eight of 11 games played on a sickening road trip, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch's* Bill Mauldin welcomed them with this editorial-page cartoon and a comforting quote from an understanding Roman poet.



Ah, what is more blessed than to put cares away, when the mind lays by its burden, and tired with labor of far travel we have come to our own home and rest on the couch we longed for? This it is which alone is worth all these toils.

—Catullus





to Detroit), "and then, if they don't produce, there will be some changes. Lindy has been all right and Vinegar had some bad breaks—a dropped double-play ball cost him one game and a bad hop another—but it looks like Jackson is about ready and he'll get a chance. Unless Jones shows me something his next time out, maybe Barnes or some of the others will, too. I may pitch Von Sunday. I'm not going to get beat game after game with the same starters."

Despite all the miserable performances, however; despite Boyer's .154 batting average and five runs batted in; despite Jackson's failure to become the stopper so desperately needed; despite the 0-4 records of Mizell and Jones; despite the sometimes confused and bumbling play afield, neither the Cardinals nor their amazingly loyal fans have given up hope. The reasons are three: 1) Stan Musial, in his quietly magnificent way, is off to the finest start of a long and always brilliant career; 2) it is a little early for obituaries, considering that the season is still young and teams have come from much further back than this; and 3) there is nothing wrong with a losing streak that a long winning streak won't cure. Only a year ago, as a matter of fact, the team was floundering almost as badly as it is right now, only to begin to click suddenly and shoot up into first place. Again, after the horrible nine-game losing streak in August, which dropped them from first to 8½ games behind the Braves, the Cardinals came on strong again, closing the gap to only 2½ games by the middle of September. And finally, just as everyone says and despite all the evidence to the contrary, the Cardinals are simply too good a ball club to keep on losing.

"It seems," said Cincinnati Manager Birdie Tebbetts, "that the schedule makers arrange it so that a slumping team plays only against the clubs going good. When you're going bad, you've got to scramble and stay respectable till your luck changes. The Cardinals have a good ball club—and their luck will change."

CHICAGO—*Correspondent Robert Boyle filed this report on the Cubs:*

Walt Moryn, the left fielder of the precocious Chicago Cubs, was waiting his turn in the batting cage at Wrigley Field one day last week. "Oh, the Cubbies are getting up there!" he exclaimed, his voice rising as it hit the end of the sentence. " 'Getting big.' 'Hot club.' 'Cinderella club.' 'Offense, defense—they just won't give up.' " He paused, turned serious. "Everybody's pulling for one another. Even if we're behind and we're sitting there, someone says, 'Well, it's about time.' And somebody goes up there and does something. That's it."

What Moryn said was so. The Cubs, playing superbly before sparse home crowds held down by near-freezing weather, were rolling along the top of the National League on a hero-a-day plan. The biggest hero was bespectacled Lee Walls, a hitherto so-so hitter, who was batting close to .360, with nine homers and 18 runs driven in.

Next in the hierarchy was Ernie Banks. While Walls's hit total may have been overly swollen, Banks went along at his usual good pace. (Oddly enough, some of the other Cub heroes, such as Dale Long, were hitting below par.) Banks's double-playmate, Second Baseman Tony Taylor, a Cuban rookie, hadn't been hitting well, but his fielding was brilliant, if erratic. Another rookie, shy Johnny Goryl, wasn't quite certain that he had won the third base job ("I have never been told that yet"), but his fielding and hitting—his ninth-inning homer beat Milwaukee in one game—kept him in the lineup. Still another newcomer was Catcher Sammy Taylor, a left-handed batter, who played against right-handed pitching while Elvin Tappe, a veteran, went against lefties. Together they were good enough to keep Cal Neeman, last year's find, on the bench.

The pitching staff had several fine rookies, notably Eddie Mayer, a left-hander, who shut out Cincinnati in 10⅓ scattered innings of relief (9⅓ of them hitless), and Glen Hobbie, a right-hander, who pitched a four-hit shutout over the Reds. Jim Brosnan, one of only three Cubs left over from the full 1956 season, pitched well in four of five starts, and Don Elston won four in relief. Generally, the pitching was good, and, moreover, it should improve. Dick Drott, 15-11 last year, sprained an ankle in training and was off to a slow start, and Moe Drabowsky, 13-15, missed spring training altogether because of Army service.

For day-in, day-out play, the acquisition of Center Fielder Bobby Thomson probably did more to

continued

THE MAN'S FINEST HOUR

SEPTEMBER 17, 1941 in St. Louis was hot, and Manager Billy Southworth of the Cardinals decided to rest his brilliant center fielder Terry Moore in the second game of the double-header with the Boston Braves. He moved Johnny Hopp from right to center, and in right he put the Polish kid just in from Rochester. The kid's name was Stan Musial.

In the third inning the Cardinals got two men on base with two out. Musial came up for the second time. The Boston pitcher, Jim Tobin, had thrown Musial a knuckle ball the first time. Musial had never seen a knuckle ball before and he went after it so hard he nearly fell down. The result was a pop-up to third. So on this



STAN HITS FIRST HOMER IN 1941

second time up, Tobin tried another knuckler. This time Musial waited, swung and sent the ball into right field for a double. It was his first major league hit.

Casey Stengel remembers the day Musial got his first hit because Casey was there, managing the Boston Braves.

"His swing was more awkward than it is now," recalls Stengel. "He stood farther from the plate, too. All I knew about him was that he had been a pitcher until he came up with a bum arm. I told my pitchers to throw him slow stuff 'cause I thought being new he wouldn't be able to hit it. But wham! [Casey's right hand shot out.] He hit it out there."

Now it is 17 seasons later and Stan Musial is still hitting slow stuff "out there." He also hits —and equally well—fast stuff, curving stuff or any other kind of stuff a pitcher can throw. In appearance he is not much different from the 20-year-old kid from Donora, Pa. who walked up to the plate that September afternoon long ago. He still wiggles his hips a little to loosen the muscles, then coils into a rather menacing position to await the pitch. Off the field Stan is still trim, boyish and polite, with more polish of course, but with the same pleasant manner and quiet confidence he had even then. "Maybe I'm a little smarter," he grins, "but when you get old, you have to gain something to make up for the other things you lose."

If, over the years, Musial has lost anything, opposing pitchers would be pleased to hear about it. From that first double back in 1941 to the end of 1957, Musial collected 2,956 more hits, which won him, among other things, seven batting titles. This spring he needed 43 more hits for 3,000, one of baseball's majestic records, attained by only seven others whose very names indicate what a truly remarkable feat it is: Cap Anson, Honus Wagner, Nap Lajoie, Ty Cobb, Tris Speaker, Eddie Collins and Paul Waner.

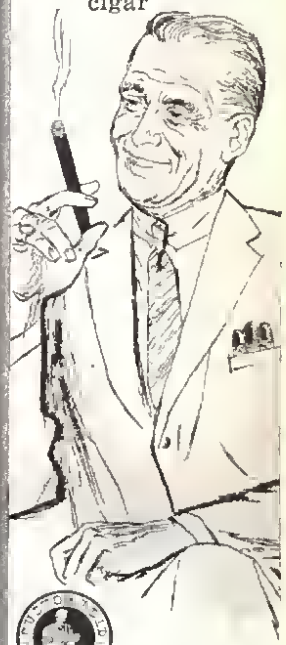
Musial predicted he would hit No. 3,000 in late May. This would get him to the mark in less playing time than any of the other seven. Then he set out to get there even sooner. On May 8 he had all but seven. He went hitless in two games, but came back in Sunday's double-header with 5. He was still short of his goal, but that night Stan gave a celebration party at his St. Louis restaurant anyway, for it looked as if No. 3,000 would be hit on the road. Stan thought St. Louis shouldn't miss the fun.

—WALTER BINGHAM



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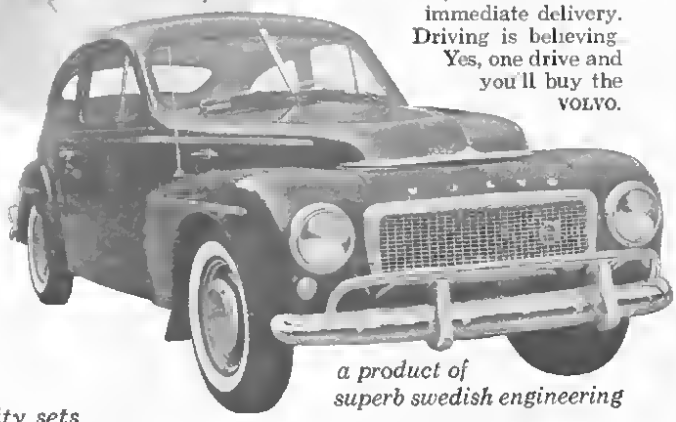
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strengthen the Cubs than anything else. "Thomson's defensive play in center field gives them something they've lacked the last four or five years," says Birdie Tebbetts. "You need consistency in center field, and they have a consistent professional performer in Thomson." At bat, Thomson adds to the long ball threat. "They've got the power to generate runs," Tebbetts says. "They're a different club to pitch to."

Thomson was the batting hero in Hobbie's win over Cincinnati, hitting a three-run homer that bucked a 20-mile-per-hour wind. It seemed impossible at the time, but Brosnan, an intellectually inclined off-season advertising man who has undergone psychoanalysis ("I was an extreme introvert"), cites it as an example of the Cubs' absolute desire to win. "The psychology of the winning effort changes day after day," Brosnan remarked after a workout. "I don't think you win for the same reason day after day. On Tuesday the wind had an effect on the hitting. In the very first inning, Don Hoak of Cincinnati hit a ball right in his wheelhouse, where his power is, and yet the left fielder caught it. Then Thomson hit an 'impossible' home run. This wasn't a lucky break. This was sheer power. It was an example to the ball club that we could do something that looked impossible." Incidentally, the *Chicago Daily News*, which, like the rest of the local press, is agog over the Cubs, has already exploited the psychological angle of the team's rise to power.

In a front page story the *News* quoted Dr. Samuel Liebman, a Winnetka psychiatrist, as saying the Cubs have the psychological ingredients—enthusiasm, leadership and "good interpersonal relationships"—for a successful season.

Then came that awful game against Cincinnati. The Cubs led 8-2 in the ninth. Tebbetts had said earlier, "Baseball is a game of momentum. A team gets careless and makes a mistake, and that's all there is to it." The Cubs' momentum suddenly reversed itself. A walk, an error on a double-play ball, a single, a single, a forceout on a double-play ball, a freak base hit over the third baseman's bead on a double-play ball, a single, a single, and then a home run, and the Reds were suddenly, shockingly ahead, 10-8.

Afterward, Manager Bob Scheffing said, "They started rolling, and we suffered every bad break in the book."

After that the Cubs packed and went off to St. Louis, hoping they had not lost their "absolute desire to win."

•

ST. LOUIS—*The extremes met:*

In the past two seasons the Cardinals and the Cubs have enjoyed an unusual relationship; at least it has been enjoyable for the Cubs. Last year, for example, not too long after Chicago rudely bumped the Cardinals out of the pennant race in August, the Cards magnanimously turned the other cheek and lost the last three games of the season to their downtrodden opponents. And much of the Cubs' early momentum this spring was built up during the first week of play when the Cardinals rolled over and played dead four straight times. In all, the Cubbies had managed to win 13 of their last 17 meetings.

Last weekend, however, the Cardinals decided that the whole thing had gone far enough. They walloped the Cubs four straight times and in so doing made three important discoveries: 1) there is nothing wrong with this ball club that some good pitching won't cure, 2) a few hits, even a very few hits, delivered at precisely the proper time, can go a long way, and 3) the Cubs, despite their fast start, are heading even faster for the second division where they belong.

Sam Jones, with a speed ball that left the Cubs blinking, kept seven hits nicely spaced for a 3–2 Cardinal victory in the series opener Friday night. Four well-timed hits sufficed for St. Louis.

On Saturday it was almost the same story. Five hits made the difference in a 3–1 game. Mizell had a shutout going into the ninth, and Larry Jackson did the rest.

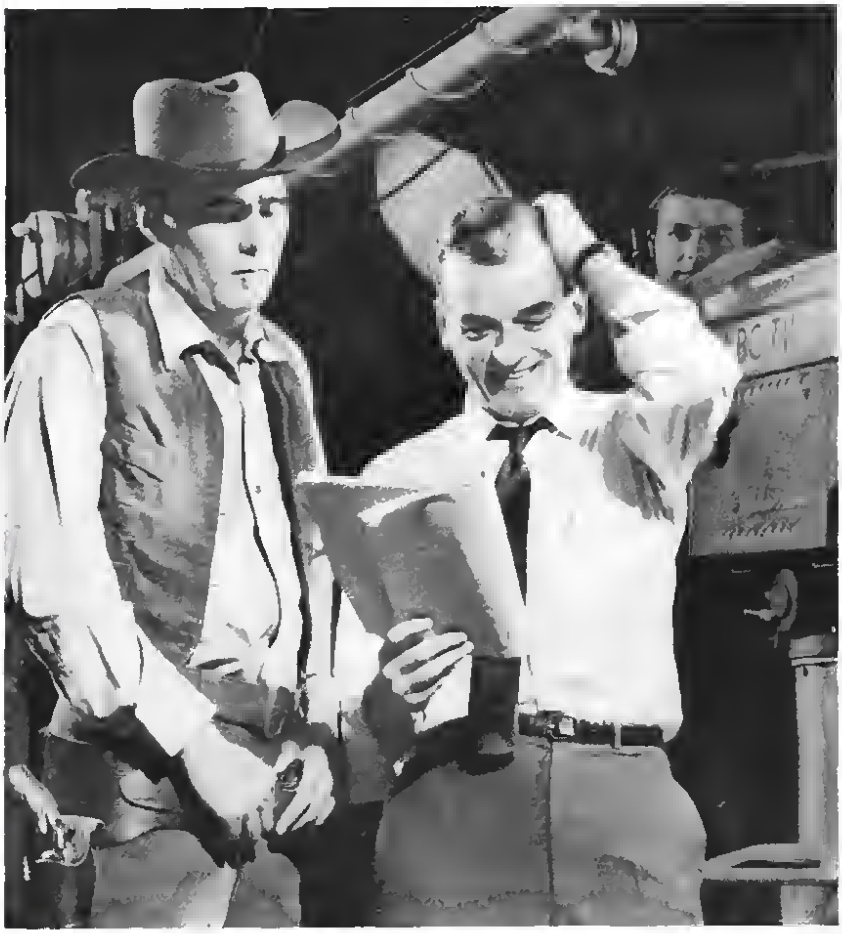
Through all of this the Cubs, despite losing, had been playing good baseball. But Sunday's double-header showed that Chicago had not entirely forgotten how to kick away games. They lost the first one, an 8–7 sandlottery, in the ninth, and blew a 4-run lead to lose the second in the same way.

Disastrous though it was for the Cubs, the weekend did prove that the Cards really *were* too good a team to keep on losing. **END**

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Photographed by Sharland

The American coverall has come a long way from the Oshkosh B'Gosh overalls of Farmer Brown's day. It has gained glamour through association with a racy European import—the Pirelli worn by sports car drivers. Now, in the hands of trend-setting designers, it goes into summer in great variety. Although originated to protect other clothing, the coverall has now achieved the primary purpose of covering, period—a purpose of which the young man below is obviously unaware. Fishing in Florida in coveralls designed by Ricci for Haymaker are (*left to right*) Judy DeFoe in beltless blue cotton ($20); June Plyler in Paisley print cotton ($20), with son Mark; Diji Ladd in pink rose print ($17); and Micki Ballou in silk-and-cotton shantung ($23).





MECHANIC-STYLE coveralls are in Anne Fogarty's first sportswear collection. Posing at home is Designer Fogarty in striped denim (Saks Fifth Ave., $18) with models Mona Hawkins in floral piqué ($30) and Luisa Gilardenghi in embroidered denim ($30).



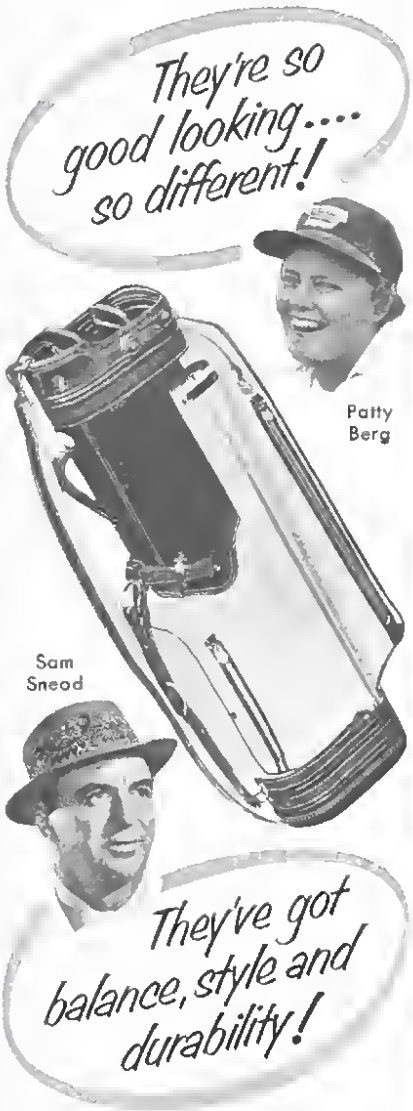


ROOFTOP GARDENER Hal Lee wears a striped Dacron-and-cotton coverall (Whitehouse & Hardy, $29.50) as he instructs Luisa, in flowered one-piecer (Brigance for Sportsmaker, $35). At right: Ann Allee helps out in striped coverall (Brigance, $35).



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BOWLING / *Victor Kalman*

Bitten by the ABC

27,000 bowlers are competing in sport's biggest event, most of them for the ducks of it

WHEN the late Francis Albertanti, public relations man extraordinary, lured Grantland Rice to the 1937 American Bowling Congress Tournament in New York City, bowling's officialdom rejoiced. Granny had resisted writing about the sport through the years, and ABC officers felt they had finally cracked the shell of his indifference. He was made comfortable in the official box with a fine view of 24 gleaming lanes in a flag-bedecked armory, and he was visibly impressed with 120 colorfully uniformed bowlers paraded to their places to martial music. But when the first game began, one bowler and then another threw balls into the "gutter," missing all 10 pins.

Rice turned to Albertanti and asked in surprise, "This is a championship?"

The PR man explained that many of the men bowling that night were beginners, others veterans far past their prime.

"Then what are they doing here?" Rice demanded, and he stalked out in disgust.

"What are they doing here?" is still being asked by spectators today in Syracuse, N.Y., host of the 55th annual ABC tournament. When the 72-day event ends June 8, some 27,000 bowlers will have competed for approximately $360,000 in prize money —America's largest sports participation tourney and one of its most spectacular. Of these, less than 1,000 appear to have even a remote chance to win a championship. What urged the more than 26,000 others to make the trek to Syracuse, a city with no particular tourist attraction, from places as far off as California? What compels about 10,000 bowlers to follow the ABC to all sections of the U.S. year after year, often at great expense, despite the fact that they rarely share in the prize money?

"There is no single answer," Frank Baker, executive secretary of the ABC, said recently. "But I can tell you this. When the ABC bug bites you, you stay bitten."

Joe Meyers, who operates a gas station in University Heights, Ohio, was bitten in 1950.

"I entered because the tournament was near my home," Meyers said. "I didn't shoot well, but the feeling of being out there on the big floor . . . well, it did something to me. I wouldn't miss an ABC if they held it in Alaska." Thousands tell a similar story. At least 150 have competed in more than 25 tournaments.

On March 29, opening night at Syracuse, William Rydzewski and Art Serles, captains, respectively, of the Romie's Alleys and Pinky's Alleys teams of Milwaukee, paid their entry fees for the 1959 tournament at St. Louis.

"We've been on most opening-night squads the past 18 years," Rydzewski, a post office employee, said. "We want to be sure of our spot again next year."

Had either team or any of their members come close to winning a title in all those years?

"No," replied Serles, "but there's always a chance we'll get lucky."

Luck plays a major role in the ABC, which is one of its attractions. A bowler rolls three games with his five-man team, usually on a night squad. The next day, he rolls three games in doubles competition and then three in singles. After the nine games, the tournament is over for him. He pays $10 to enter each event, plus an optional $3 for all-events (total score for the nine games). First prize in team play is $2,500, in doubles $1,000, singles $500 and all-events $1,000. The team championship almost always is won by one of the country's name quintets, and it takes fine, steady bowling to win the all-event.

In doubles and singles, however, lesser bowlers often roll far above their heads for three games to defeat the stars. For instance Don Carter, only man to have won the National Match Game championship—a 100-game grind—three times, has yet to take an ABC title.

"Even when you know you're too old to win, you can't help dreaming the ball will get back its old magic," said Herb Lange, 56, a prominent businessman from Watertown, Wis. who is a member of bowling's Hall of Fame.

Lange was the "kid" this year on the White Tower team, which included Harry Steers, 77, of Chicago; Mort Lindsey, 70, Stamford, Conn.; Hank Marino, 69, Milwaukee; and Fred Thoma, 67, Chicago—an aggregate of 339 years. None could hope for a title, but each has one ambition: to knock down more pins, before he dies, than anyone in ABC history. Steers has competed in 53 of the 55 ABCs. He won the doubles championship in 1902(the tournament's second year) and, with Thoma, the doubles again in 1918. At Syracuse his all-events total was 1,341—an average of 149—giving him 89,490 pins for his 53 efforts (185-plus average). He holds a commanding lead over the rest of the field and, in fine shape for his years (his 5-foot-5 frame is slightly stooped, but he weighs the same 142 he did 40 years ago), he might well have several good ones left. To give you an idea of how important the ABC is to Lindsey, a three-time ABC champion, he enters a hospital a month or so before each tournament for a complete checkup and "a couple of weeks' rest. I used to train for the ABC by bowling 100 practice games in a week. Now I have to rest for it." He has knocked down 78,816 pins in 46 years (192 average), including a commendable 1,595 last month.

Another reason for the ABC's popularity is that there are sponsors who, year after year, pay some bowlers' expenses to the tournament. Some expect advertising value, but the majority, according to Tournament Director Joe Smolen, enter teams "because they want to see them bowl, just like an owner might enter a horse in the Kentucky Derby to watch his colors." Officials say their toughest post-tournament problem is tracing old checks that are framed instead of cashed. It's prestige, not money, that makes the ABC bowling's Big Show. **END**



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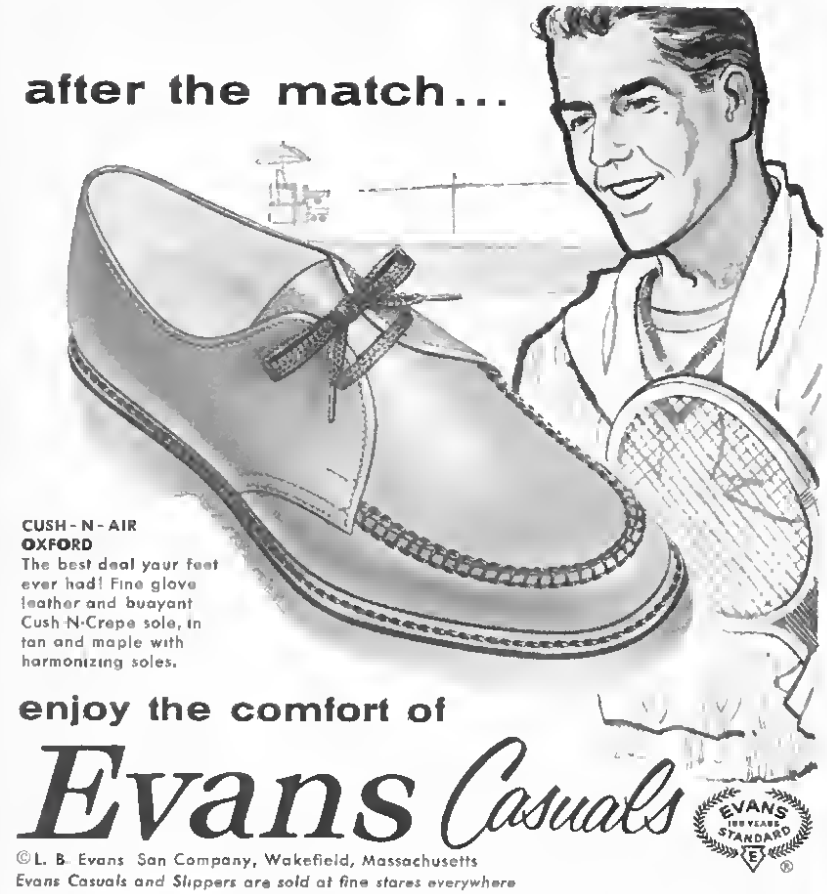
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TRAVEL / *Horace Sutton*

Footloose

Belgium's capital, a gay lady, is all dressed up for the fair and offers many diversions

THERE IS an ancient wheeze which insists that a trip to Brussels is like a visit with the sister of the woman you love. This summer, at any rate, the epigram is only apt should one who is in love with Zsa Zsa find himself faced with a visit to Eva. Brussels, until the end of October, is glamorous, desirable, expensive and rather hard to get a date with. On the other hand, it is by no means unapproachable.

Those in town for the festival and seeking an international view of sport or merely a place to sit down—it doesn't matter which—will find just as much going on at Heysel Stadium as on any other stage in Brussels. The stadium, which adjoins the fairgrounds and seats 100,000 sports enthusiasts and/or bunion-nursers, will be the scene for about as diversified an athletic program as any since the invention of the decathlon. For one thing, the playoffs for the Western European Volleyball Cup and the finals of the European Football Cup will be held there in May. In June the annual Tour de France cycling race starts there, and the European Judo Championships will be decided on the Heysel mats that month, as well as the pelota championships. A basketball tournament among deaf-mutes is scheduled for August, and an international hockey tournament is on the books for the last week in September.

While Heysel Stadium might be as attractive a place as any to bandage the blisters by day, there is still the problem of where to bunk after dark. The Palace Hotel, the city's old standby and, by all the rulebooks, the city's best, still had—with the fair already well launched—a number of scattered one-night stands to offer in May and June. There is a choice of space available after July 15th. By sprucing up its interiors—new baths,

in Brussels

a new carpet in the hall—the hotel was able successfully to petition for a rate increase. The tab is up about 28% over 1956 prices. At that, a single room with bath, breakfast and a view of the brick wall across the crowded courtyard comes to $13 a night, still a far cry from the going rates in comparable inns in Paris and London, which have no fairs going on and no announced, government-sanctioned price hikes.

A BRAND-NEW AMIGO

The Metropole, generally conceded to be the second-best hotel in town, has raised its rates slightly, but it has, like a dozen other local hotels, installed a ruling requiring patrons to take one other meal in the hotel besides breakfast. An average tariff with all the tips and taxes and breakfast included would come to $14 a day. Add to that the necessity of eating another meal on the premises, or, at least, of paying for it. No such requirement has been instituted by the Hotel Amigo, a brand-new lodging in a very old quarter just behind the Grand Place, that marvelous old square in the center of the city. The peculiarity of its name—there isn't a castanet in view—derives from a formerly famous establishment known as the Amigo jail. All 200 rooms come with bath. A simple single one, during the fair at least, comes to about $14, and a better-than-average double is just on the solvency side of $30 a day. In figuring up these daily extractions I have included the 15% tip and the 5% tax, both of which are added to the bill no matter what shrieks of outrage may ensue. A beneficent management, out of tradition, not charity, includes without further levy a simple Continental breakfast.

Those early visitors who were lodged in Motel Expo, a prefab set of stalls outside the fair where the rate is $8 a night, sang the blues like nobody since Ella Fitzgerald. I don't think it is necessary to set forth a bill of particulars about the complaints,

continued

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some of which may have been rectified by now, but if it came down to it I would choose in preference a room in a private home, thousands of which are registered with a government bureau called Logexpo. In selecting private quarters, it would be prudent to stick with Logexpo, which long ago inspected the available rooms and set ceiling prices on them. With the fever of the fair on hand, some room-letters were seeking to tear up their contracts with the government and raise the ante. Court action followed by swift justice was promised.

A walkless way to the fair has been designed by an aggregation known as Baltour, which operates a fleet of Fiat station wagons, each commanded by a self-styled "lady guide" in beret and uniform. Wagon and woman await you at the airport, deliver you to the fair, to the hotel or to any place inside Belgium you name. Baltour has 50 rooms blocked at the Plaza for the duration, plus a small hotel of its own known as Residence 58. Figuring two in a car by day and two in a room by night, the price will be $33 a day each person, or $24 each if two couples join forces in one car. Once inside the fairgrounds the guide will accompany you on foot or you can take off in a Baltour-operated "pus-pus" which is a three-place low-powered motorcycle —two places for passengers, one for the driver in back.

In town I'm afraid you will have to rely on the whims of the Brussels cab drivers. The meter rate is not exceptionally expensive, but the local hacks have an international reputation for spluttering a few choice epigrams in Flemish or French if the tip doesn't measure up to an exact 15% or bet-



"How high you pay depends

ter. If you can put up with this sort of *bienvenue*, Brussels itself has a string of restaurants that must be considered notable even in view of the unusual beaneries which have set up summer shop on the fairgrounds.

L'Epaule de Mouton, a minuscule establishment on the Rue des Harengs off the Grand Place, is considered by a small but sturdy clique of indigenous eaters to be the best restaurant in Europe. However, I cannot give fewer points to its neighbor on Herring Street, called Au Filet de Boeuf, which has been at it since 1785, having enlarged in those years until today it bulges with five tables, all of them covered with lace tablecloths, lighted by lace-covered lamps and laid with Spode china and crystal glass. Cigars are proffered, along with a candle in a silver holder and a clutch of cedar tapers.

OYSTERS IN BUBBLY

The sheerest luxury dwells on the fringe of town at Le Fond'Roy, 4 Place de la Sainte Alliance, where one can dine in the semioutdoors in a flower-decked, heated pergola while watching white pigeons flit and flutter on the far side of a glass wall. Aside from the usual Ardennes ham and the assorted ways of preparing sole, there are both salmon in champagne and oysters in champagne. The bivalves are boiled in the bubbly, blanketed with whipped cream and grilled. Oysters never had it so good, not even in May, June or July.

Lace and crystal are the prime attractions in the shops. Maria Loix, 18 Place Gudule, uptown, near the Sabena headquarters, has anything from partly handmade handkerchiefs at $1, to all-handmade lace hankies

continued



on how low you want to get."

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for show, not blow, at $6. However, a showy blower could spend $100 on a single handkerchief—a 10-inch square, all lace. There are 10 left in stock, and no more will ever be made. The house also has on hand a rose point bridal veil at $3,200.

Crystal comes from Liége and is sold by Val St. Lambert—handmade vases at $50 and mold-made of the same quality at less than $10. If you want to stock the house with the best glasses, a set of tumblers for water, white wine, red wine and champagne comes to about $50, or $600 for a 48-piece service designed to keep 12 people well-oiled simultaneously. All Belgian shoppers come to a halt in the fading afternoon to concentrate a concerted attack on the pastry mountains. The calorie Alps, Belgium's highest mountains, are irresistible at Daskalides on the handsome Avenue Louise, a forestland of cream puffs, tarts, baklava and dumplings. There are tables in the rear looking out to a pleasant garden, where the management serves ice cream at a modest 25¢ and U.S. milk shakes at 20¢. At the soda fountain in the U.S. pavilion out at the fairgrounds they're 60¢.

AN ELEGANT HIDEAWAY

Anyone who finds himself in a state of Brussels shock after a week at the fair might indeed hide away for a convalescent week at the elegant resort of Le Zoute, on the seashore 70 miles from town. The prime hotel—some call it the best in Belgium—is La Reserve, a 64-room lodge which nestles quietly on a lagoon a block or so from the sea. There are eight tennis courts flanking the entrance to the inn, not to mention water skiing on the lake in back of the house. Every room comes equipped with such appurtenances as a phone in the bath and a safe in the wall. Figure $14.50 for a room with a balcony surveying the water skiers. Dinner at the hotel will add up to about $10 per person, and there is a casino across the street if you're still in a spending mood. In a delightful nook called the Rotisserie Breughel, however, a minuscule corner with just six tables but a vast reputation, dinner is a more respectable $4. While the Belgian seacoast is not exactly noted as a tropical strand, there are sea-bathing days in summer and many sunbathing hours nestled among the tufted dunes, far from the shadow of the Atomium. **END**





Tip from the Top

HARVEY PENICK, *Austin, Texas*

Proper use of all clubs

I SUGGEST using a club as the manufacturer designed it to be used. Each manufacturer has done a lot of research and spent a lot of money trying to make a set of clubs so that one swing will work for them all.

The average player wonders whether to play the ball off the right foot, from the center or off the left foot. The manufacturer has tried to solve this for the players who will let him. I think the top players line up the line of flight as they walk up to the ball. Then they square the bottom of the club they are using to the intended line of flight and adjust their stance to fit that club position. I believe this method will work for the average player as well as the scratch player.

The design of each club, the position in which it rests on the ground toward the intended line of flight, should help guide each player in his use of each club.

On all *full* shots, pictures may make it appear that the swing of a nine-iron is so much shorter than the swing for the woods. It only looks shorter because of the lie and the length of the clubs, as the illustration clearly shows. If a golfer can master the one sound swing that is best suited for him, it should suffice for all the clubs.



NEXT WEEK: *Frank Stranahan on lining up on the target*

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CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

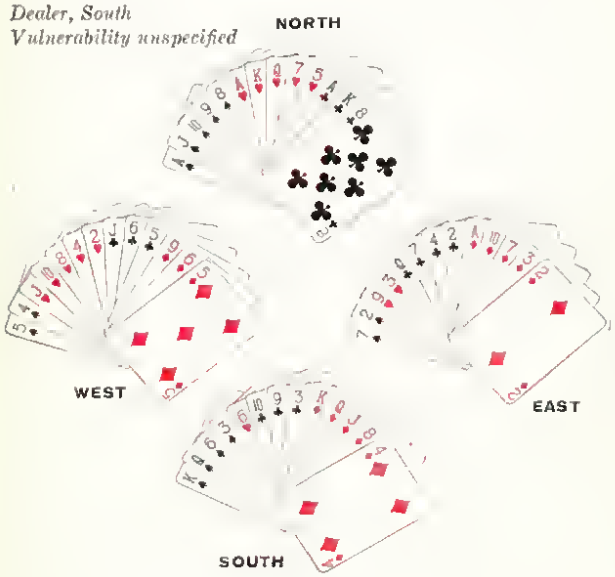
Who is to blame?

WHENEVER a reader sends me a publishable hand, but one in which my story may seem to be faintly critical of the way he bid or played it, I find myself impaled on the horns of a dilemma.

If I mention my correspondent's name, am I not guilty of putting the bite on the hand that is feeding me with material? On the other hand, if I fail to identify him, do I not take advantage of his kindness without the common courtesy of making a proper acknowledgment?

My usual compromise is to mention my correspondent's initials and home town, and I will fall back upon that practice in discussing today's grand slam. So P.C.H. of Arlington, Va. may hide behind that anonymity or readily identify himself to his friends, as he may please, after reading what I have to say in reply to his comment, "We didn't make it but, if psychic, could have."

Dealer, South
Vulnerability unspecified



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♦	PASS	2♥	PASS
2♠	PASS	7♠	DOUBLE
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: Jack of hearts

The final contract was impeccable, although there is much to be said against the manner in which it was reached. South does not have a sound opening bid. He can muster up a skimpy 13 points with the aid of counting 2 for his singleton. Although 13 points carries a cautious option on the right to open, South doesn't keep his 13-point rating for any longer than required to deduct 1 point because his hand includes no ace. When partner's skip response sounded the warning that he might be headed for dizzy heights, South's courage in bidding his four-card spade suit is of the kind that frequently results in a posthumous award.

North's skip response was amply justified—but properly punished, nevertheless. With suits of equal length, it is proper to bid the higher-ranking one first—especially when both are respectably endowed with top-card strength. The difference between A-J-10 and A-K-Q is not a good reason for bidding hearts before spades. Had North observed this rule, he might have had the pleasure of playing the hand for the grand slam, and of being what my correspondent calls "psychic."

It is easy to guess that the first thing declarer did was draw trumps so that neither opponent could ruff one of his precious winners. But in the course of protecting these winners, declarer left himself with only two trumps to take care of dummy's three losers.

This is one case in which "safe" play is dangerous. If an opponent can ruff the second heart, the long hearts will never be established, so South should ruff them himself. After winning the first heart trick, he cashes a second high heart, discarding his little club. Then he ruffs dummy's small hearts and third club before taking more than a single round of trumps. Now dummy has nothing left but top trumps and the good queen of hearts to be cashed after the opponents' trumps are gone.

EXTRA TRICK

Had North been declarer, the chances are he would have played the hand correctly, because declarer trumps losing cards with dummy's trumps as a matter of habit. It requires a departure from the usual to use your own trumps for ruffing and thus make dummy the master hand.

Which player made the worse bidding mistake? This is the question most frequently asked a bridge writer, for in most bridge arguments the bad result was a matter of collaboration. Lacking other evidence, the answer must be decided on the principle that first is worst.



BONNIE PRUDDEN / *Fitness*

Reaching new heights

42 Vaulting over a sawhorse will strengthen arms and shoulders

Since vaulting over fences is virtually a lost art but still an excellent exercise, Bonnie has designed a substitute using the versatile sawhorse she introduced in last week's issue. Even if you don't see any need in your life for negotiating a fence, you will see the value of vaulting when you realize that this exercise is especially good for strengthening arms and shoulders which have weakened with the decline in our lives of hanging on barn rafters and leaping fences. Besides giving you a delightful sensation of flying through the air with ease, this sawhorse exercise will also help develop your coordination and timing.

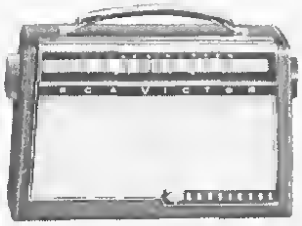


Take a firm grip on the sawhorse, right hand with fingers away from body, left hand with fingers toward body. Rest your weight on hands. Cross right leg behind left, prepare to swing.



As you swing over, throw your legs up as high as you can. Keep your head in line with the horse. After landing on right foot, reverse direction of your vault. Strengthen both sides equally.

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MOTHER OF TACKLES. Cathryn Johnson Pyle, stands before mantelpiece displaying photographs of her athlete sons and some of the trophies they won in high school.

How to

Mrs. William Palmer Pyle is an authority. She has a pair, with another in reserve

by GERALD HOLLAND

A BOOK by Cathryn Johnson Pyle entitled *The Care and Feeding of Right Tackles, Together with Some Notes on Golf, Fishing for the Small-mouth Bass, Amateur Wrestling, Softball, Tennis and Putting the 16-pound Shot; with Additional Observations on the Need for Faith in the Chicago Cubs and Certain Basic Flaws in the Offense of the Professional Football Team Known as the Chicago Bears* will not be found on the shelves of any bookstore or on any publisher's list. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Pyle, a tall, slender, brunette housewife of Winnetka, Ill., has not written such a book. But she sure could.

As for right tackles, Mrs. Pyle is such an authority on the subject that both Big Ten and Ivy League football will be in her debt next season. Her eldest son, William Palmer Pyle Jr., 20, is described by Coach Duffy Daugherty of Michigan State as "one of the fastest tackles I've ever seen, with a very good chance to make All-America." A second son, Michael Johnson Pyle, 18, is regarded highly at Yale where an admiring sportswriter called his play in the Yale-Harvard freshman game last November "murderous" and judged him to be a cinch to start at right tackle for the varsity next fall. Both boys were all-state tackles while they were playing for New Trier High School in Winnetka. Mike also won the state high school heavyweight wrestling championship and broke the state shotput record.

A third son, Harlen Pyle, is presently concentrating on kite flying and

Raise Right Tackles

backyard soccer. Just a few weeks ago Harlen tried fishing at a quarry outside Keokuk, Iowa, and took two sunfish with only token assistance from his brother Palmer. He is also being groomed for his debut as sports spectator at the big football games. Last year he found even minor affairs rather too stimulating. At one of Mike's wrestling matches, for instance, fearing that the crowd might be unaware that Mike's brother was in the stands, he felt obliged to make loud announcements to this effect. Mike found his remarks distracting, but managed to win anyway. Harlen, now 6, is a first year man at Hubbard Woods Grammar School in Winnetka where his prestige as brother of two football heroes is sometimes almost more than he can bear.

STARTLING DIMENSIONS

The two football heroes did not emerge from any conscious planning by Mrs. Pyle, but they came as no particular surprise. The household of William Palmer Pyle, a central division products manager for Kraft Foods, has always fairly crackled with sports talk and sports activity, and when it became apparent that two young men on the premises were growing to rather startling dimensions (both Palmer and Mike stand 6 feet 2 and weigh well over 200), their mother soon learned to take the press notices about their exploits almost (if not quite) as a matter of course.

Taking things as a matter of course is a discipline that Mrs. Pyle forced herself to master long ago. As she was saying the other day in the living room of the Pyles' white-frame-and-green-shuttered home on Scott Avenue in Winnetka, "I've found myself gradually becoming conditioned to many things. People have asked me about the boys getting hurt. Well, of course there are inevitable injuries and they aren't necessarily limited to actual games. We've had some casualties right here in the living room and out in the backyard."

Mrs. Pyle looked at her husband across the room and said, "You remember some of them, Pinny?"

Pinny (a nickname from his childhood), an athletic-looking 6-footer who wears a look, around the house, of unshakable bemusement, simply raised his eyes to heaven by way of comment.

At that moment, the front door flew open and Harlen and three companions his own age staggered dramatically into the living room and collapsed into various attitudes on the floor.

"We can't get that kite up, Mom!" cried Harlen, holding his head to signify great mental anguish.

"Go out and try again, dear," said Mrs. Pyle mildly.

"We're thirsty," said Harlen.

"Take the boys in the kitchen," said Mrs. Pyle. "There's some soda in the refrigerator."

The boys continued to writhe on the rug and then Pinny Pyle spoke up in tones that were soft, but had good carry.

"Out," he said, "out, out, out."

The detachment sprang up and headed for the kitchen.

Mrs. Pyle took a deep breath and continued: "I was speaking of injuries and how you become conditioned to them. One day, I remember, Mike called to me, 'Mom, I'm going out to play touch football for a while.' I called back that that was fine and I went about my housework. It must have been an hour or so later when the doorbell rang. I opened the door and a friend of the boys, Bernie Magnussen—he's now at Stanford—was standing there with what I remember as a very cheerful expression on his face. 'Hello, Bernie,' I said, and he said brightly, 'Hello, Mrs. Pyle, how's Mike?'

"That question didn't sound quite right to me, but I said, 'Why, Mike's just fine, Bernie. He's out playing touch football.' Bernie shook his head. He said, 'Oh, no, Mrs. Pyle, that was before.'

"That didn't sound quite right either, so I asked Bernie, 'Before what?' He said, again quite cheerfully, 'Before they took him to the hospital.' "

Not entirely unaccustomed to having startling bits of news reach her in this way, Mrs. Pyle recalls that she moved with all deliberate speed in the direction of coat and car keys and soon was being reassured by a doctor who had just finished stitching Mike's upper lip, which had been cut by a savage, if basically cordial, thrust of an opponent's elbow.

Against such hazards of body-contact sports Mrs. Pyle measures the plus values of sports in the Pyle household, and if she shudders to think about anything, it is not the battering and bruising that is the lot of right tackles, but rather of what would happen if there were no sports interests around the place. She thinks the entire family probably would have to go into politics to fill the void. That's not wholly true, because the Pyles have time for other things right now. Mrs. Pyle is active in church and club work and, of course, the PTA and, with her husband, she tries her best not to miss any play that comes to Chicago.

But there is no denying that between fishing and football, sports colors a lot of conversation and claims almost all vacation time. When the two older boys were playing for New Trier High School, the area of operations was pretty well localized. But now, of course, the Pyles find it necessary to study all the teams in both the Big Ten Conference and the Ivy League, and spend many an evening planning trips that will accommodate their mushrooming sports interests.

Last year the Pyles maintained a commuter's schedule to East Lansing

continued



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LADIES! (and gentlemen)

Next Week
THE SPORTING LOOK
presents—in color

The new Sydney Wragge collection of sportswear for women.

Created by the winner of last year's American Sportswear Design Award, this collection uses as its motif the America's Cup Races.

In the May 26 issue of
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
On newsstands May 22

to see Palmer play for Michigan State and extended one trip all the way to New Haven to watch Mike in the Harvard-Yale freshman game.

"Mike's game was a brand-new experience for me as a spectator," Mrs. Pyle recalled. "It was played on one of the fields outside the Yale Bowl and there were no stands. I have no inhibitions about yelling in the stadium at East Lansing, but this was the first time I ever found myself not only yelling, but running up and down the sidelines."

Last year produced some especially good conversational fodder in the Pyle household as it appeared possible for a time that Michigan State would get the Rose Bowl bid and that the Chicago Bears would be playing for the Western championship of the National Football League at Wrigley Field on December 29. (Both Mr. and Mrs. Pyle are fans of the Bears and have missed only one of their games in the last five years. Their devotion to the Chicago Cubs is less passionate, but equally steadfast.)

"Of course, we would have gone to the Rose Bowl," said Mrs. Pyle, "but we couldn't go with good conscience if we had deserted the Bears at such a critical time. It took a great deal of arranging for Pinny to put off some business appointments and get airline reservations that would get us to the West Coast on New Year's Eve after seeing the Bears on the 29th."

Pinny Pyle spoke up from his chair across the room.

"I forget now," he said, "were the Bears supposed to play on the 29th?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Pyle, "I remember because Mike cut his lip playing touch football on the 28th."

Pinny nodded. "That's right," he said, "I remember now. I was thinking it was closer to when Palmer sprained his ankle."

This year there are some happy complications in planning the fall sports schedule. For the first time in many summers, Pinny Pyle will put off his Canadian fishing vacation. Instead, he will take time off in October. The Pyles will see a Michigan State game in East Lansing, then go to Cape Cod to try a kind of fishing new to both of them (they want to try for striped bass) and then they'll see a Yale game at New Haven. If 6-year-old Harlen continues to measure up in tests as spectator sportsman, he will be taken along. Previously, he has always been routed to fond relatives in Keokuk.

Incidentally, with information he picks up at the dinner table and from radio and television sports commentators, Harlen has given his grandmothers in Iowa a thoroughgoing briefing on collegiate and professional football. The grandmothers, neither of whom had ever paid the slightest attention to sports of any kind previously, now speak a knowledgeable lingo that would get them by at Toots Shor's. Quoting Harlen (who was quoting his father), one grandmother told Mrs. Pyle recently that the Bears would get nowhere until "George Halas beefs up that backfield."

The Pyles' sporting horizons are ever widening. This fall, they confidently count on Michigan State making the Rose Bowl for sure. But they are looking far beyond that. Mike is not only an odds-on bet for right tackle on the Yale varsity, but he is



PALMER PYLE gives the foes of Michigan State a preview of his look in the line.

no less likely to make the track and field team that Yale will send to England for a dual meet with Oxford-Cambridge in the summer of 1959. Cathryn and Pinny Pyle will be there. In the fall they will go to Miami to see Michigan State play the final game of its schedule.

In the Pyles' living room it was now suggested that with all this sports activity, there must be considerable sports equipment around the house. Mrs. Pyle nodded vigorously and began ticking off items from memory.

continued



"I brought back a lot of new ideas from Puerto Rico—including rum on the rocks!"

says Lawrence Earle
of Berwyn, Pennsylvania

"Suddenly I notice everybody talking about Puerto Rico—and its *rum*," says Larry Earle. "Now that I've been there. I know why.

"I'd always thought of rum as a cocktail drink. But Puerto Rican rum is brilliantly light. Like sunshine. And so dry they serve it *on the rocks*.

"Puerto Rico is fascinating for other reasons too. Quiet beaches. Glittering night life. First-rate fishing and grand opera. It's a vacation paradise."

◀ "I could see mountains, ancient fortresses and sun-washed beaches from my hotel in Puerto Rico," says Mr. Earle. "Here's where I discovered rum on the rocks." Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Rum Promotion Division, Dept. R, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19



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Left #1087 Flexible 2-eyelet with silk shantung. Right #1604 New air-weave front in Brown. Also in Black.



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Spring ahead, leather afoot!

"Well, let me see," she began, "there are uniforms. Football, baseball, basketball, hockey and softball uniforms."

"Footballs," Pinny Pyle took up the count, "basketballs, volleyballs, soccer balls, baseballs. Hockey sticks, pucks, tennis rackets."

"Two sets of golf clubs," said Mrs. Pyle, "roller skates and ice skates and gym shoes, football and baseball shoes and tennis shoes and golf shoes."

"Tell about the Red Ball Jets," said Pinny Pyle.

Mrs. Pyle blushed a little. "Oh, I don't know, Pinny. Mike and Pege [William Palmer Jr.'s nickname, rhymes with ledge] say that's an awfully corny story."

"Tell it anyway," said Pinny Pyle.

"Well," said Mrs. Pyle, "Red Ball Jets are gym shoes for small boys. Last Christmas, Harlen wanted a



MIKE PYLE chose Yale and is likely prospect for stardom there in the 1958 season.

pair of Red Ball Jets more than anything else in the world. He said all the other boys were beating him at running because his shoes were too heavy. Well, we got him the Red Ball Jets and he spent all Christmas Day running races with his friends. He did very well, too, and he was so exhausted that night that he went to bed right after supper. He said it was the best Christmas he had ever had and after I had said good night to him and tucked him in, he said, 'Mom, I sure do love you.' I said, 'Thank you, Harlen, and I love you, too.' Then

continued



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as I started out of the room, he called to me and said, 'Mom, I love *you* almost as much as my Red Ball Jets.'"

Pinny sat up straight in his chair and raised a hand. "Outboard motor," he said, returning to the sports equipment inventory. "Seven fishing rods. Ten reels. More flies and lures than we could count."

"Two pairs of boxing gloves," said Mrs. Pyle.

(Harlen and his friends had staggered back into the living room. They stopped to listen.)

"We've got a shotgun," said Pinny Pyle.

"And a canoe paddle," said Mrs. Pyle.

"A kite," said Harlen Pyle, heading for the door.

Mr. Pyle waited until the front door had slammed and then added, "Mike's 16-pound shot. Weight-lifting bar bells."

Mrs. Pyle frowned, trying to remember. Then she said, "I've got a polo mallet. I used to play at school out West."

Cathryn Pyle, like her husband a native of Keokuk, Iowa, attended the University of Wyoming for three years and then returned to take her degree at the University of Iowa. While she was a student at Wyoming, she played basketball and, as noted, polo, and ran the 50-yard dash with the women's track team well enough to compete in an intercollegiate meet with the University of Colorado at Boulder. This background of competitive sport was to serve her well when the right tackles came along.

But even before that, there was a full sports schedule in the Pyle household. Pinny Pyle, who didn't attend college, played a complete quota of high school sports before graduating and taking a job in California. When he returned some years later, he met Cathryn Johnson for the first time (although they had attended the same high school) and they quickly discovered that they saw eye to eye on most things.

Very early in the marriage Pinny confessed that in his view a summer vacation spent at anything but fishing for smallmouth bass was a waste of time. They have been taking Canadian fishing trips ever since. Mrs. Pyle has never caught a smallmouth (a fish that challenges such distinguished anglers as Justice William O. Douglas of the Supreme Court), but she has hooked plenty of walleyed pike which abound in Canada too.

When Palmer and Mike were old enough, they were taken along. However, their collegiate football careers are already threatening, temporarily, the family fishing schedule. Last summer, for instance, the boys begged off, having obtained two ditch-digging jobs on a pipeline project that they felt they couldn't afford to turn down. It was a rush job, calling for lots of overtime, and in six weeks the boys cleared almost $1,000 each.

Mrs. Pyle recalls that the jobs had the effect of bringing out hitherto unsuspected habits of thrift in her sons.

"The first day on the job," said Mrs. Pyle, "I packed what I thought were tremendous lunches. That night Palmer and Mike complained that I hadn't given them nearly enough. They said they had to *buy* more sandwiches. 'You got to give us more stuff, Mom,' they said. 'We mean a *lot* of stuff.' I finally managed to pack enough 'stuff' to satisfy them, but then another crisis developed. When Pinny and I announced we were going fishing in Canada, Pege and Mike were aghast. 'What will we do for lunches?' they said. I suggested they might buy their lunches. They said that was quite out of the question.

DAZE OF SANDWICHES

"Well, I finally solved the problem. I started to make sandwiches. I worked for three days. I made ham, roast beef, meat loaf and cheese sandwiches, and as fast as I made them I put them in the deep freeze. Then I gave the boys a list of what I had made and asked them if they thought they could get by on the supply. They decided they might just possibly. And when Pinny and I started off in the car, the boys were very sweet. They said, 'Have a good time, Mom, and don't worry about the lunches. If the worst comes to the worst we'll spend a little of our own money.'"

Mrs. Pyle turned and looked up at the mantel over the fireplace. It was crowded with trophies her sons had won. Among them, too, was a cup that Pinny Pyle's father had won in the president's golf tournament at the Keokuk Country Club.

Pinny Pyle suggested a look at the boys' bedroom. The walls were covered with framed certificates that

continued

FROM A SPORTING ALBUM



Mrs. Pyle exhibits her sprouting linemen-to-be. Palmer *(at left)* is 5 and brother Mike is 3. The Pyles then lived in Quincy, Ill.





At age 8, Mike Pyle strikes a big league slugger's pose.

Ice skating was (and still is) an activity much enjoyed by all the family.

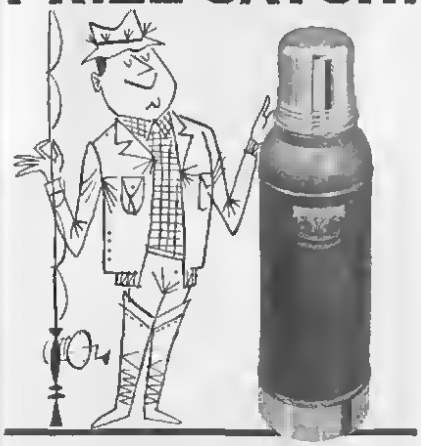


Fishermen are born: Palmer and Mike pose with lodge owner's son and first big catch



Mr. and Mrs. Pyle submit evidence of day well spent at lake near Canadian border

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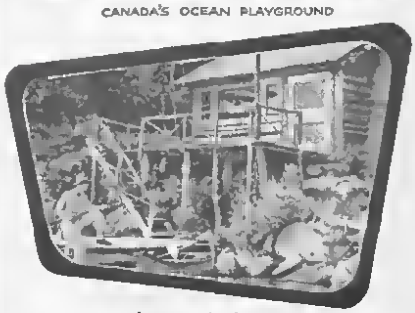
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recorded the selection of Mike and Pege as all-state tackles, as wrestling champions, as breakers of records in track and field events. Also posted was a clipping from a magazine (this one) in which Coach Bud Wilkinson of Oklahoma gave his rules for football training. Mrs. Pyle had hung it there.

In a bookcase there were envelopes of clippings, filed by Mrs. Pyle. There are fat envelopes for Mike and Pege and there is even one for Harlen, who made the local papers once as ring bearer at a wedding.

Cathryn Pyle looked around the room and at her husband. And then she said: "We couldn't help but be pleased and proud of what the boys have done in sports. And because of sports, they've been better students. Palmer wouldn't mind me saying that he could be a little more industrious, but Mike was an honor student at high school and one of the trophies on the mantel is for scholastic achievement. I think they'll both do very well in college. Palmer is majoring in economics at Michigan State and Mike in industrial administration at Yale."

The question immediately suggested itself: how in the world did Mike ever get away from persuasive Coach Duffy Daugherty of Michigan State?

"Well, frankly," smiled Mrs. Pyle, "Pinny and I would have been delighted if Mike had decided on Michigan State. But we've made it a firm rule not to try to influence the boys in the choice of a university. Both of them were approached by dozens of schools, but they made up their own minds."

(Palmer is on athletic scholarship at Michigan State and Duffy Daugherty says today that Mike would have been eligible for both athletic and scholastic scholarships at East Lansing. Mike, strongly influenced by the fact that several of his friends had chosen Yale, decided it was for him. Yale offered no inducements at all, and Pinny Pyle pays full tuition for Mike.)

There was a commotion outside the living room window. Everyone looked out. Harlen and his friends raced by, yelling in triumph. The kite was finally in orbit.

•

Note to Duffy Daugherty, Michigan State University, East Lansing, Mich.:

"Pyle, Harlen. Big for age and growing. Charges well. Lots spirit. Real holler guy. Also top student at Hubbard Woods Grammar School. Looks like natural lineman. Maybe tackle. Don't let THIS boy get away." END

HARLEN, 6, AND MIKE ROISTER AS BEMUSED PARENTS LOOK ON



19TH HOLE *The readers take over*

THE WALL (CONT.)

Sirs:

O'Malley's wall makes me and every other baseball fan darn mad. If there's one thing appealing about baseball it is its statistical continuity; but now this is ruined because a home run as a statistic is meaningless when it's hit at L.A.

The solution to this problem is obvious: Horace Stoneham has to play at a small (seatingwise) minor league park until his stadium is built—so why shouldn't Walter O'Malley play at small (seatingwise) Wrigley Field until his stadium is built? Such a solution would be beneficial to baseball at large.

JAMES GOODALE

Chicago

Sirs:

Here in L.A. we find it vastly amusing that the temporary measure of O'Malley's screen has been expropriated by eastern sports scribes for their own private Wailing Wall. So much so that the lobbing of "cheapies" has fallen off because batters are having difficulty clearing so many convulsively heaving shoulders.

But we here are the people who matter, since we're the fans who make the turnstiles click. We can laugh at your snide barbs, for we have the Dodgers and we love them even though they are languishing at the bottom of the league. And, O'Malley—he cries all the way to the bank!

WINIFRED ALLEN

La Crescenta, Calif.

Sirs:

My only hope is that the Dodgers' mistake will help bring to light the problem of irregular home run targets in most major league parks. Suppose colleges with short basketball players were permitted to use eight-feet-high nets, or offensive minded football teams used short fields in their home stadiums? Varied-size fields are all right for backyard games, but professional baseball needs a uniform field, as is required in other sports.

DON METCALF

Durham, N.C.

BASEBALL: EXOTIC L. A.

Sirs:

What a refreshing distraction is that blonde carrying a "Welcome L.A. Dodgers" placard (WONDERFUL WORLD, April 28).

Is she baseball's cheery answer to the obese Russian women athletes we have been seeing too much of lately? Too bad the photographer couldn't persuade her to remove her sunglasses for the picture.

Did the lucky photographer, perchance, get her name? She looks like a movie starlet.

DONALD P. CROOKS

Brighton, Mass.

Sirs:

I see where you used my photo but did not mention my name as you did the other celebrities on hand. (At least the Post Office thinks I am a celebrity! Ha!) Anyway I would really appreciate the recognition.

I am the founder and president of the Exotic Dancers League of America and also the captain of the Barecats, a softball team consisting of dancers (mostly Exotics) who can play ball, and if things don't get better we might end up challenging the Dodgers! Huh? What say?

JENNIE LEE

Hollywood



CAPTAIN LEE

NEAPOLITAN SYSTEM: HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

Sirs:

My three great loves are baseball, golf and bridge. The first two are sufficient to justify my subscription to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, but since Charles Goren's column on bridge, I am further rewarded. And I know of several people who have subscribed solely because of his bridge articles.

I have a question concerning the Neapolitan Club system (SI, April 28), which was thoroughly enjoyed by our bridge club and discussed in detail. But why the two-diamond response by East by the U.S. in the hand from the 1957 Internationals? Of course, with a diamond bid, the hand will play at the undesirable contract of three no trump. If the purpose of the bid was to discourage a diamond opening lead, it may have a little merit. A nice old-fashioned two-spade response should produce the proper contract. Please explain.

DONALD H. STREITZEL

China Lake, Calif.

Sirs:

In case you left some of your readers tied in mental knots trying to figure out

continued

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the intricacies of the Neapolitan Club system, allow me to explain the finer points of this system as they appear to this observer:

If you have a normal one-spade opener you say one diamond, unless, of course, you are vulnerable, in which case you bid one heart. If your partner opens one spade and you have no points in your hand, you jump to four spades, but if you have an excellent hand, you pass. A pass under the Neapolitan system is an invitation to slam, except a second-round pass which must be considered pre-emptive, especially late in the evening.

Any time you bid a red suit it automatically means you have neither red ace, but both black kings. The club king is, of course, optional, but you should have the spade king, or the queen-jack. An opening bid of two in any suit is an invitation to your partner to pass, since you obviously have a very poor hand.

In the hand analyzed by Mr. Goren, East bid two diamonds because he had a very good rummy hand (the meld of 6–5–4) and he forgot for the moment that he was playing bridge. In bidding three diamonds, West was denying the diamond bid, obviously inferring he had the black suits.

In short, Neapolitan bidding is a way of indicating to your partner exactly what you haven't got. Your partner, in turn, can indicate to you exactly what he would like to have. It's very easy.

JAMES PARKER

New York

• Mr. Strietzel should pay no attention to Mr. Parker, obviously a Blackwood man. East's bid of two diamonds was a "psychic" bid with a twofold purpose: to prevent a diamond lead and to sound out his partner on a diamond stopper. However, East was unable to pull off the resulting three no-trump contract.—ED.

DERBY: AMONG THOSE PRESENT

Sirs:

The interest that your magazine created by the excellently prepared article on the Kentucky Derby (SI, April 28) made the television fiasco doubly disappointing.

We never could pick out Silky, nor did we know the distinguishing number of any of the horses. We heard more about Aly Khan than we saw of Tim Tam, Lincoln Road, Noureddin and most of the other horses.

What a shame that so many were so disappointed.

RAY SIMMONS

Peoria, Ill.

continued

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4—Art Shay, A.P. 21, 5—Phillips Butler, Scranton Times, U.P. (3), I.N.P., A.P. 6—Richard Meek 7—John G. Zimmerman 26–28—drawings by Alajy 50—Richard Meek, U.P. 60—Stedman Studio 67—Bill Malone 69—Fons Iannelli, Pix, shorts by Aileen, 70, 75, 78—Art Shay

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PLANERS: WHAT OF THE A SCOW?

Sirs:

Generally speaking, your boating articles say more, come to the point and give far more detail than specialized magazines.

If you will permit me, however, to make a small criticism, your article on planing sailboats (SI, April 28) is a little misleading by saying Uffa Fox designed the first planers. The inland scows were planing for several decades prior to 1928. Secondly, your statement, and this is a very popular misconception, that scows are suitable only for sheltered waters is not entirely correct. True, they sail better on smooth water—but what boat doesn't?—although I am not implying that they are the most seaworthy or driest type.

As a matter of fact, scows originated on Long Island Sound when Thomas Clapham of Roslyn, L.I. sailed his *Bouncer* in a race at Larchmont in 1890 and beat everything in sight. This revolutionized the sport at the time, and the scow held the spotlight through 1903 (and even later in the Seawanhaka Cup races) about which time the International and Universal rules killed their development. Scows then disappeared from Long Island Sound, not so much because they were unseaworthy (although some extreme racing machines undoubtedly were), but in a sense they went out of style—everyone went keel-boat crazy.

In 1954, when Bob Bavier ran his third One-of-a-kind Series, the Class A and the Class E scows ran away from all the modern planers. And, curiously enough, they were sensational upwind and in light airs—two departments not usually accredited to scows. It was in the last race—a 25-knot southerly with a terrific sea, that the A really moved upwind and down. The E went in the breeze, also losing out to two well-sailed keel boats—a 210 and an S boat—and to the Raven, which seems faster in a seaway than the E. It was in this race that the International 14 had the roughest time, being beaten by the Snipe. Certainly a boat which finished at the top in competition like this on such a rough day should not be called unseaworthy and a boat finishing near the bottom of the list be called seaworthy.

Below is a condensation of the actual boat-for-boat finishes of some of the boats in question in this series. From these results it could be concluded that with the exception of the A and E scows, all of the modern players have their bad days.

Boat	Skipper	Race 1	2	3	4
A scow	B. Grunow	1	1	1	1
E scow	H. Melges	2	5	2	5
S boat	W. Wilcox	6	2	8	4
Raven	D. Matthews	4	9	5	3
505	E. Olsen	11	4	3	8
Highlander	B. Cox	3	6	9	9
Thistle	H. Boston	13	3	4	11
Jolly	G. O'Day	14	11	14	10
Int. 14	J. Carter	20	8	6	20
C scow	C. Lind	5	14	13	DNS
Fly. Dutchman	J. Van Voast	12	18	20	18

The A scow was disqualified in the fourth race, but for sake of true speed comparison I am leaving her actual finish. The S boat was of the heavy displacement type.

Judging from this series it is apparent

that no boat is a match for the A scow (which won most of the races by tremendous margins). Also the outstanding performance by the old and heavy S boat (superbly sailed by Warner Wilcox) proves that Nat Herreshoff could design small boats as well as big ones—and a boat which seems better *around* the course than the modern "hot rod."

GORDON E. HURLEY JR.
Wading River, N.Y.

● The scow was indeed the first hull to plane, as Mort Lund pointed out. However, Uffa Fox designed the first planing hull as the concept is understood in yachting circles today. As for the scow and its "suitability" in any water, the scow is an out-and-out racing machine and most uncomfortable in rough weather, which accounts in part for the popularity of the Universal rules.

The results of the 1952 One-of-a-kind race also indicate that a 38-foot scow hull is faster than a 20-foot planing hull in rough water, and not necessarily that the scow hull is the more seaworthy. In crossing the Channel in his 14-foot *Avenger*, Fox was storm-pounded for 37 hours before making it to England. Under these conditions, the flat A hull would not have made it. As for speed, the 20-foot C scow, the only scow of comparable length with most of the planing boats in the race, was beaten by six of them. Also, in the One-of-a-kind race, some crews were obviously better tacticians than others. The A scow fouled out and lost the first place it deserved on speed alone.

A better way of testing various hulls might be simultaneous runs over straight courses at various angles to the wind with special rules prohibiting tactical interference.—ED.

PLANERS: RELATIVE SPEED

Sirs:

That was an excellent planing hulls article. Annually in England is published the Portsmouth Handicapping Table. The numbers represent relative times; *i.e.*, if one boat took 86 minutes for a given course, another would require 97 minutes, etc. Some of the 117 ratings follow:

505	84
Flying Dutchman	84
Jolly boat (trapeze)	85
Jolly boat	86
Thistle	86
Raven	86
Star	86
Highlander	88
Int. 14	89
Flying 15	90
Olympic Finn	91
Albacore	97
Lightning	97
Firefly	103
Snipe	106
Cadet	130

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William Klouter

Louis Neilson III

"He was willing to run, he was jumping well and he made no mistakes. We knew he was a good jumper, but we weren't sure about his speed. He showed us." Thus, in the language of an old pro, Louis Neilson discusses his two successive victories on Coke Hi—in the Grand National, one of the most important events of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, and in the Western Run Plate.

But Louis is not an old pro. The day he and Coke Hi took the two big ones was his 16th birthday and Louis' only previous win was in an informal point-to-point. The following Saturday Louis took Coke Hi over the Glyndon course for the Maryland Hunt Cup, the Derby of timber racing, and came in a highly commendable third.

"Can't expect to win every time," said Louis nonchalantly. The Gilman School in Baltimore took the news with less restraint. "We were pretty proud," says a classmate. "Steeplechasing is pretty big around here."

COSTUME—ROBERT LEADER

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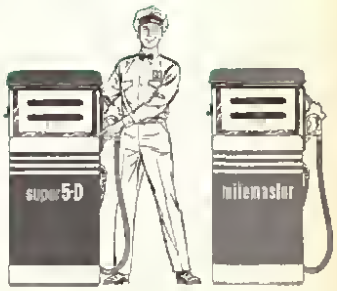
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Jimmy Jemail's

HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: *If you could change one golf rule, which would it be?*



ROBERT TRENT JONES
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.
Golf course architect

A rule change so that the pin must be removed or attended when the ball is on the green. Currently, that isn't required from any distance, even one foot, the theory being that it helps in putting. That's strictly an illusion. The ball bounces off more times than it drops in, causing all sorts of grief.

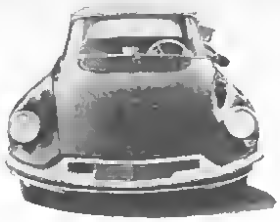


BOB STRAILE
President
Palm Beach
Athletic Club

The rule which permits grounding the club in the fairway or on the green but prohibits the same thing in the sand trap, the inference being that a golfer might improve his lie. *Apropos* of this, there is the story of the man who asked of his partner: "Is my friend in the sand trap or is the so-and-so on the green?"

continued

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JOHN P. FRAZER
Grosse Pointe, Mich.
Retired

The rule which gives the winner of a hole the so-called privilege of driving first. To my mind, that's a handicap. He should have the privilege of driving when he wants to, so, if he is of a mind to, he can observe the action of the wind and take advantage of learning from the other fellow's shot.



KEN VENTURI
San Francisco
Golf pro

I would change the out-of-bounds rule because I think it is too severe. The majority of the pros think so, too. The penalty is in effect two strokes if you drive out of bounds, but you lose only one stroke if you miss the ball completely, which is without a doubt the worst shot in golf, not to say humiliating.



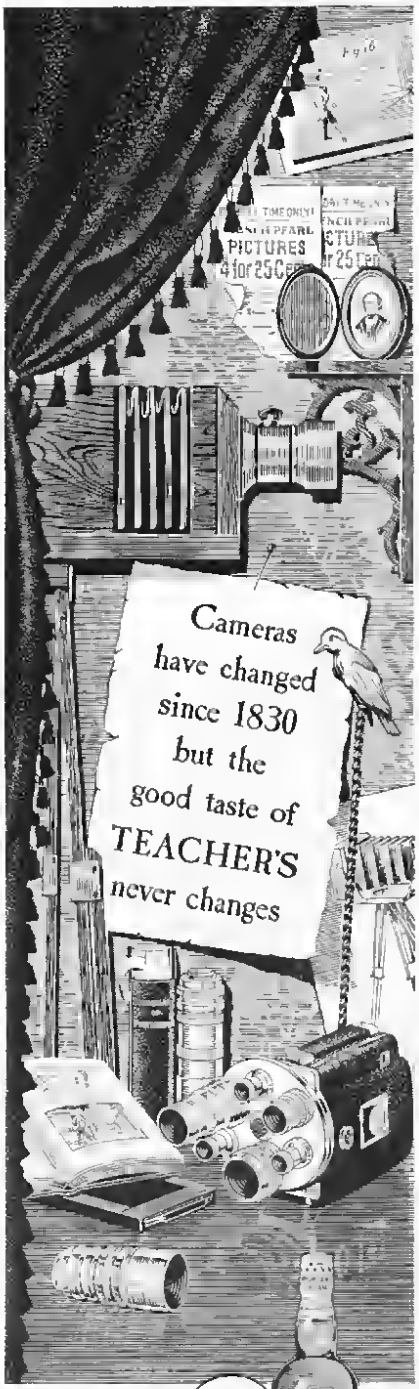
COUNT COURT VON HAUGWITZ-REVENTLOW
Newport, R.I.

The rule that charges you a stroke and distance when you drive out of bounds. That is too big a penalty. However, harsh as the out-of-bounds rule is, I think that the penalty for an unplayable lie, two strokes, is even more harsh and unfair. It is penalty enough that you are there in the first place.



JOHN McAULIFFE
President
Triangle Conduit and Cable Co., Inc.

I'd like to know who can understand the existing rules. There's one simple prohibition that all of us understand and which I'd like to see changed. That's the rule which prohibits a golfer from cleaning his ball on the green in all tournaments. It should be allowed. I can think of no advantage in not allowing it.



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Homer on the Range

When the ball flew into the corral, a horse lost his head and a boy his illusions

WHEN I was growing up in Caldwell, Idaho, we lived on the edge of town. Beyond lay open fields where only sagebrush and sharp salt grass grew, and about a quarter of a mile out in the fields stood the ball park. A huge rectangle over 200 yards on each side, it was surrounded by a six-foot fence of vertical, unpainted pine boards. The rickety grandstand and home plate were in one corner, and home runs would have been impossible feats if the local cavalry unit of the National Guard had not shared the park. The cavalry's barn took up a large space opposite the grandstand, and corrals extended deep into the outfield along two sides. Even so, a ball pulled straight down the left-field line must have had to travel nearly 400 feet to drop in among the horses, and then the ground rules allowed the outfielder to climb into the corral, retrieve the ball and try to catch the runner. This slight advantage to the fielders was more than offset by the hoof marks, which pitted the outfield deeply in some places, and by the little mounds of horse droppings, which were not always cleared away before a game. The two types of obstructions made ground balls unpredictable once they passed the infield, which the cavalry tried to stay away from during its drills.

Such irregularities didn't detract from the game's seriousness nor from the importance to me of the success of the town team, the Caldwell Cockerels. They played every Sunday all through the summer, alternately at home and away, in a league which included teams from Boise and four other nearby towns, and I saw almost

continued



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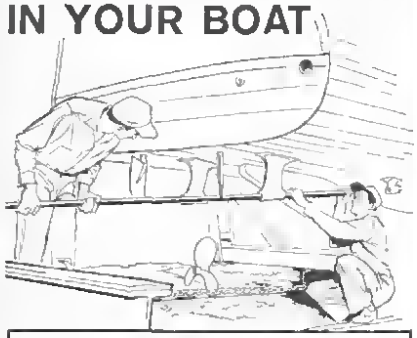
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Up to 1 incl	67,000	45,000	13
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Over 2½ to 3½ incl	54,000	25,000	27
TEMPALOY			
Over ½ to 1 incl.	100,000	50,000	5
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every home game from the time I was 5 or 6. Getting into the field was no problem. If we finished Sunday dinner in time, I was able to reach the park before the ticket seller arrived and walk boldly through the gate. My holy zeal for the team's victory made that upright mode of entry appeal to me, and on Sundays when a game was scheduled I gobbled my dinner as fast as my mother would permit. But when I was too late for the game, I had only to crawl under the fence at any of a dozen places which I knew intimately. Once I was inside the grounds, no one ever tried to shoo me out.

One spring evening in the late '20s—I can't remember the exact year, but I know I was about 10 or 11—I went to the park to watch the team practice. It was a week or so before the season opened. The team manager, who was a friend of my father's, was sitting alone on a bench back of home plate. After wandering around the empty grandstand, watching one of the players hitting fungos to the others and feeling vaguely important because I was the only spectator, I scrambled over the barrier onto the field and tentatively sat down on the manager's bench at the opposite end from him. He nodded to me casually, then cocked his head and eyed me for a *moment*.

"Bobby," he said, "how'd you like to be our mascot?" The possibility of such an honor never had occurred to me. The bat boys of previous years had been several years older than I and had seemed to me almost as remote and heroic figures as the players. All I could manage was to nod my head vigorously.

"All right," the manager said. "Better ask your folks, but I don't think they'll mind. Tell them I'll look after you."

Permission was granted, and on opening day I presided over the team's 20-odd bats with such complete dedication that I could scarcely follow the progress of the game. I remember that we won it, though, and when it was over one of the players put a hand on my head, raised the other with the fingers crossed and called to the others.

"Looks like we got ourselves a good mascot."

I blushed, hung my head and felt ready to do anything to continue deserving such praise. I would even have

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made and have tried to live up to the promise, which my mother frequently asked of me, to he a good hoy, although it was at that time the most exasperating concept with which I had to deal because it seemed to have endless vague and depressing aspects. However, none of the players asked it of me. I wasn't asked to accompany the team on the road, either. Not that I expected to. That would have heen too gloriously much to bear. But all summer long I was at the ball park every other Sunday, often the first to arrive and the last to leave. When we won, I was so elated that I would lie awake in bed that night for hours, going over in my memory every play in the game. When we lost, I would sink into gloom and mope for two or three days. When we lost in the ninth inning the last home game of the season, after it had seemed won, I had a tantrum.

BIG BAD BOISE

That loss was still more crushing because it was to the Boise team and because the hit that defeated us was a home run hy Boise's first baseman. Boise was the metropolis as well as the capital of the state. Its population of about 20,000 made it four times the size of Caldwell, and for that reason I hated it with all my beart. Two aunts of mine, whom I liked very much and who always treated me handsomely when I visited them, lived in Boise and, it seemed to me, demeaned themselves by doing so. Whenever I went to see them, I had a guilty feelng I was condoning their breach of faith with Caldwell. Boise was the wicked city, the esoteric source of nameless evil. And tben the Boise teams always won the league championship.

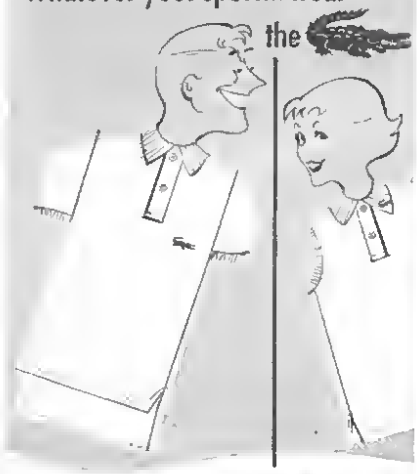
My hatred and fear of Boise in general focused on the Boise first baseman in particular. He was a hig, smiling moonfaced man, huilt something like Babe Ruth. Because of his size and shape he seemed slow, but he moved with grace, and never, that I remember, made an error. Behind his smile and the easy way be would go to his right for a hard-hit grounder or take a bad throw from his shortstop, it seemed to me there lurked a sneering malevolence, a diabolic plot to defeat us by some trickery. And when, in the usual hall player's chatter, he taunted one of our team for some mistake or shortcoming, I became enraged and built fantasies of putting

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him out of action by tripping him with a bat.

In that last home game of the season we were leading 3–1 when Boise came to bat in the top of the ninth. Their first batter popped up. The next two got on base, then the first baseman came up and I was breathless with anguish. He swung at and missed the first pitch. On the next pitch he swung again and the ball soared out into left field in a high, slow arc. I was sure that our left fielder would catch it easily but the ball dropped into a corral. Even then all was not lost.

NOT O.K. IN THE CORRAL

But the corral held a big gray stallion who was so frightened by the ball's landing near him and by the sudden roar of the crowd that he raced around his small enclosure screaming, kicking, bucking and, though I couldn't at the moment admit such a possibility to myself, scaring off our outfielder. I was so deflated that I scarcely heard the crowd's hoots at the fielder.

The next two Boise batters went down quietly, but so did our side in the last of the inning. When our last hitter lifted an easy fly, I ran off to hide under the grandstand, where I stayed and sobbed until everyone else had left the park.

I was still hiccuping deep sighs when I crawled out and started home. My way lay across left field past the gray stallion's corral. When I caught sight of him the venom rose inside me. I collected a handful of rocks, climbed the side of the corral and threw the first large rock with all the strength and hate I could muster. When I had used all my rocks, I sat gloating for a while. Then I began to feel ashamed. As my excitement drained away, I remembered the crowd's laughter at our outfielder's failure to retrieve the ball and saw, quite vividly, that he had been afraid of the stallion.

Next morning I met the team manager, and he asked whether I would like to go on the trip to Baker, Ore. for the last game of the season. A day earlier the invitation would have been wildly exciting. But it came too late.

"I can't," I said, and walked off, determined not to spoil the deliciously bitter flavor of my disillusionment.

—ROBERT FROMAN

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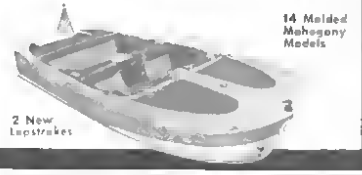
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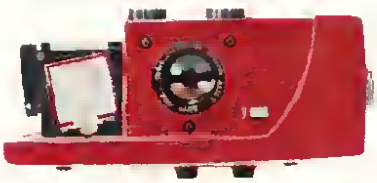
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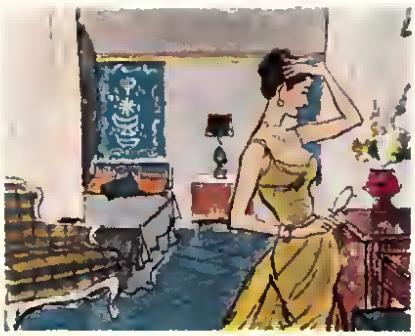


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